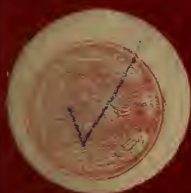


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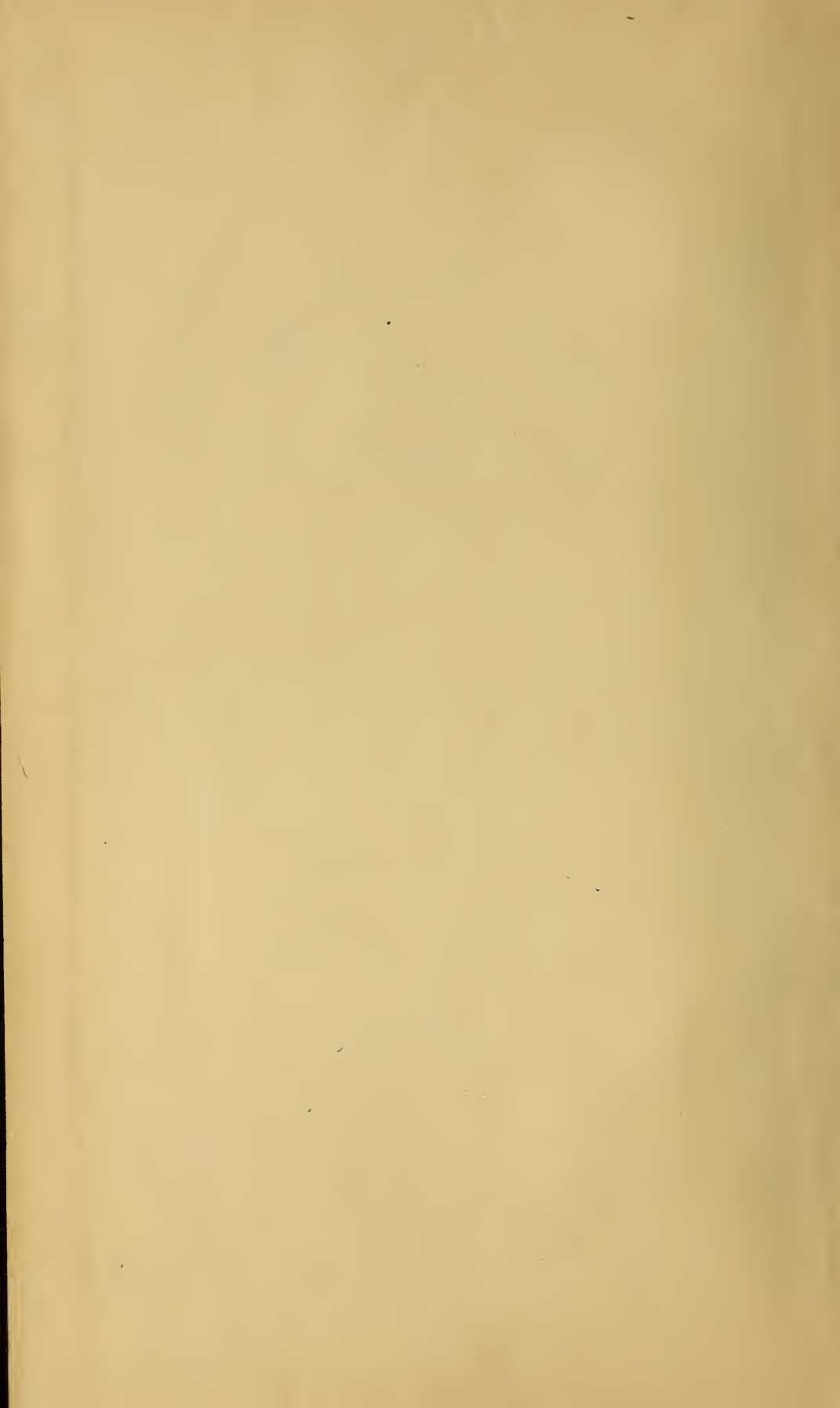
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PERSONAL ADVENTURES

AND

TRAVELS

OF

FOUR YEARS AND A HALF

IN THE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

By MR. JOHN DAVIS.

BEING TRAVELS IN SEARCH OF INDEPENDENCE AND
SETTLEMENT.

Inveni Portum.

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TRAVELS, &c.

Voyage from Bristol to New York.

HAVING formed the resolution of visiting the United States, I repaired from Salisbury to Bristol, with a view of embarking on board a snow of two hundred tons, which lay at the quay, and was bound to New York. The captain had purposed to sail the 20th of the same month, but it was not before January 7th of the new year, that the vessel moved from the wharf, when the spring-tide enabled her to proceed down the river.

For my passage, which was in the steerage, I had paid seven guineas to the merchants who chartered the vessel, and my mess, which was with two young gentlemen of my acquaintance, cost me only three pounds more. But, with this money, besides provisions, we purchased a stove, which, during the voyage, was a treasure to us. It not only fortified us against the cold, but we cooked our victuals upon it; and the drawer which was designed to hold the ashes, made an admirable oven.

The cabin was by no means an enviable place. It offered neither accommodation nor society. Its passengers consisted of an Unitarian priest and family, and two itinerant merchants. The steerage group was composed of a good, jolly, Somersetshire farmer and his housekeeper, who were going to settle in Pennsylvania, of the two young gentlemen I have already mentioned, and myself. Having repeatedly crossed the equator, and doubled the Cape of Good Hope, there is no occasion for me to say, that the ocean was familiar to me; and that, while the other passengers were sick and dejected, I was in health and good spirits. To the roll of the vessel I was fully accustomed; but my companions not having gotten their sea legs on board, tumbled grievously about the decks. The library which I had brought with me, con-

sisted of nearly three hundred volumes, and would have endeared me to any place.

The Two Brothers was a miserably sailing tub, and her passage a most tedious one. Head winds constantly prevailed, and scarcely a week elapsed without our lying-to more than once. To scud her was impracticable, as she would not steer small, and several times the captain thought she was going to founder. Her cargo, which consisted of mill-stones and old iron, made her strain so with rolling, that incessant pumping could hardly keep her free. She seemed to be fitted out by the parish; there was not a rope on board strong enough to hang a cat with. She had only one suit of sails, not a single spar, and her cordage was old. If a sail was split by the wind, there was no other alternative but to mend it; and when, after being out six weeks, we had sprung our fore-top mast, we were compelled to reef it. The same day, I remember, we fell in with a schooner from New York, which we spoke. It was on the 18th of February. She was bound to St. Sebastian. The seamen being employed, I volunteered my services to pull an oar on board her, which were readily accepted. Her captain received us politely, and regaled us with some cider. She had left port only a fortnight; but it took the ill-fated Two Brothers a month to get thither. We parted with regret. The captain of her was of a social, friendly disposition. As to our own skipper, he was passionately fond of visiting every vessel that he saw on the passage. If an old salt-fish schooner hove in sight, he clamoured for his boarding-boots, and swore he would go to her if it were only to obtain a pint of molasses. Once, having hailed a vessel, he was justly rebuked. He told the captain of her he would hoist out his boat and go to see him; but the man not approving, I suppose, his physiognomy, hauled aft his sheets and bore round up before the wind. The skipper had contracted these habits during the American war, when he commanded a small privateer; and he could not in his old age reclaim the foibles of his youth.

On the 8th of March, we saw the Isles of Sile, and three days after weathered the breakers of Nantucket; from whence, coasting to the southward, we made Long Island, and ran up to Sandy Hook. The wind subsiding, we let go our anchor, and the next morning, at an early hour, I accompanied the captain and two of the cabin passengers on shore. It was Sunday, March 18th.

On the parched spot, very properly called Sandy Hook, we found only one human habitation, which was a public house. The family consisted of an old woman, wife to the landlord, two young girls of homely appearance, a negro man and boy. While

breakfast was preparing, I ascended, with my companions, the light-house, which stood on the point of the Hook. It was lofty, and well furnished with lamps. On viewing the land round the dwelling of our host, I could not help thinking that he might justly exclaim with Selkirk :

I'm monarch of all I survey,
My right, there is none to dispute,
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.

The morning passed away not unpleasantly. The vivacity of the captain enlivened our breakfast, which was prolonged nearly till noon ; nor do I think we should have then risen from table, had not the mate, who was left in charge of the snow, like a good seaman, hove short, and loosened his sails in readiness to avail himself of the breeze which had sprung up in our favour. The captain, therefore, clamoured for the bill, and finished his last bowl of grog with the favourite toast of " Here's to the wind that blows, the ship that goes, and the lass that loves a sailor."

In our progress to the town, we passed a British frigate lying at anchor. It was sunset, and the roll of the spirit-stirring drum brought to my recollection those scenes, that pomp, pride, and circumstance of glorious war, that makes ambition virtue*. We moored our vessel to one of the wharfs, and I rejoiced to find myself on a kindred shore.

CHAP. I.

Pursuits at New-York. Interview with Mr. Burr. A walk to Philadelphia. A Tribute to James Logan. Yellow Fever desolating the City. Embark for South-Carolina.

UPON my landing at New-York, my first care was to deliver a letter of recommendation which I had been favoured with by a friend to a merchant in the city. I was now to become the architect of my own fortune. Though on a kindred shore, I had not even an acquaintance to whom I could communicate my projects. But I was not long depressed by melancholy reflections, for I found a friend in a man, who, having himself been unfortunate, could feel for another in adversity. This was Mr. Caritat, the bookseller, who inquired into my views, and promised to

* Shakespeare.

assist me ; and until he could do it effectually, that I might lose no time, gave me an immediate literary employment, in the translation of Bonaparte's Italian campaign. " It is a pity," said he, " that in this money-making country you should lose any time ; I have just imported this book, I will pay you two hundred dollars for its translation."

I procured a lodging with a young man, who called himself a physician, in Ferry-street, a melancholy alley impervious to the sun. Doctor de Bow, however, in huge gilt letters, adorned the entrance of the house. Of the medical skill of the doctor I cannot pretend to judge ; but he had little or no practice. He was a pleasant man, and read the Life of Don Quixote whilst I was toiling at my translation. The original was an octavo of four hundred pages, but the emolument was a powerful incentive to my literary industry ; and I prosecuted my translation with so much diligence, that on the fourth of June it was ushered into the literary world.

About this period, my friend the doctor relinquished his house, and rented a little medicinal shop of a Major Howe, who was agreeably situated in Cherry-street. As the major took boarders, I accompanied the doctor to his house, determined to eat, drink, and be merry over my two hundred dollars. With some of the well-stamped coin I purchased a few dozen of Madeira, and when the noontide heat had abated, I quaffed the delicious liquor with the major and the doctor under a tree in the garden. Major Howe, after carrying arms through the revolutionary war, instead of reposing upon the laurels he had acquired, was compelled to open a boarding-house in New York, for the maintenance of his wife and children. He was a member of the Cincinnati, and not a little proud of his eagle. But I thought the motto to his badge of "*Omnia reliquit servare Rempublicam*," was not very appropriate ; for it is notorious that few Americans had much to leave when they accepted commissions in the army. "*Victor ad aratrum redit*" would have been better.

My translation introduced me to the acquaintance of some distinguished characters in New-York, and among others, to the celebrated Colonel Burr, who was in the late election chosen for the office of vice-president of the United States. I found Mr. Burr at breakfast, reading my translation over his coffee. He received me with the civility of a well-bred man ; and I discovered that he was not less skilled in elegant literature, than in the science of graciousness and attraction. He introduced me to his daughter, whom he has educated with uncommon care. At the same time that she dances with more grace than any young

lady of New-York, Miss Theodosia Burr speaks French and Italian with facility, is perfectly conversant with the writers of the Augustan age, and not unacquainted with the language of the father of poetry. Martel, a Frenchman, has dedicated a volume of his productions to Miss Burr, with the Horatian epithet of "dulce decus."

My occupations at New-York, however agreeable, did not repress my desire to explore the continent before me; and I thought it best to travel while I had some crowns left in my purse. I felt regret at the thought of separating from the doctor, whom I was attached to from habit; but the doctor soon relieved me by saying, he would accompany me whithersoever I went; that no man loved travelling better than he, and that he would convert his medicines into money, to defray his expenses on the road.

But tell me, said the doctor, are you fond of walking? I assured him no person could be more so. Then, resumed he, let us each provide ourselves with a good cudgel, and begin our journey on foot. I will put a case of instruments into my pocket, and you can slip into your's the campaign of Buonaparte in Italy.

But whither, replied I, do you propose to go; and what, I beseech you is the object of your travelling? To see the world, assuredly, said he; to eat, drink, and laugh away care on the road. How, doctor, said I, would you approve of a walk to Philadelphia? I should like it of all things, said the doctor. In our way to it, we should go through the place of my birth; you have heard, I guess, of Hackinsac; and at Philadelphia I could get somebody to introduce me to the great Dr. Rush. All we have to do is, to send on our trunks in the coach, and trudge after them on foot.

Our resolution was no sooner taken than executed. The doctor got an apothecary, who lived opposite, to purchase what few drugs were contained in his painted drawers; and having dispatched our trunks forward by the coach, we began our journey to Philadelphia.

Having crossed the Hudson, which separates York-Island from the shore of the Jerseys, we were landed at a tavern* delightfully situated on the bank of the river. The doctor having once reduced a fractured leg for the landlord, proposed dining at the tavern: he will certainly charge us nothing, said he, for I once reduced his leg, when the tibia and fibula were both badly fractured. It was a nice case, and I will put him in mind of it.

* Every public-house in the United States, however contemptible, is dignified by the name of Tavern.

But you charged him ! Doctor ! did you not, said I. No matter for that, replied he. I should have been expelled from the college of whigs, had I not put in my claim.

I represented to the doctor that no man who respected himself would become an eleemosynary guest at the table of another, when he had money to defray his wants. That to remind another of past services, discovered a want of humanity ; and that a mean action, though it may not torment the mind at the moment it was done, never fails afterwards to bring compunction : for the remembrance of it will present itself like a spectre to the imagination.

The landlord of the tavern was a portly man, who in the middle of the day was dressed in a loose night-gown and mocossins* ; he recognized the doctor, whom he shook heartily by the hand, and turning to a man in company said, " they may talk of Dr. Rush, or Dr. Mitchell, but I maintain Dr. De Bow is the greatest doctor of them all."

It was difficult to refrain from laughing aloud ; but the speech of the landlord inspired the doctor with very different emotions : he made an inclination of his head, adjusted his spectacles, and assumed a profound look that assented to the justness of the remark.

What, gentlemen, said the landlord, would you chuse for your dinner ? It is now the hottest part of the day, and if you are walking to Newark, you will find the evening more pleasant. How comes on trade, doctor, at New-York ? I warrant you have got your share.

Why, Mr. Clinch, replied the doctor, I cannot complain. There have been several cases of fever to which I was called. And the patients were right, said Mr. Clinch, for they could not have called a better doctor had they sent over the four quarters of the globe for him. Well, it is true, God sends this country fevers, but he also sends us doctors who are able to cure them. It is like the State I was born in : Virginia is infested with snakes, but it abounds with roots to cure their bite. Come walk in, gentlemen, walk in. I will get dinner ready directly.

Our dinner was a miserable one ; but the landlord seasoned his dishes with flattery, and the doctor found it very palatable. We went forward in the cool ; nor did my friend hesitate to pay his club towards two dollars for our repast : it was high, the doctor whispered, but continued he, when a man's consequence is known at a tavern, it always inflames the bill.

It was our original design to have gone through Hackinsac, a

* Mocossins are Indian shoes, made of deer-skin.

little village that claimed the honour of my companion's nativity; but it was getting late, the road to it was circuitous, and we wished much that night to travel to Elizabeth Town. The doctor consoled himself for not visiting his family, by observing, that no man was a prophet at home.

We did not long stop at Newark, but prosecuted our walk, after taking shelter from a shower of rain in one of its sylvan habitations. The sun, which had been obscured, again gladdened the plains; and the birds which had ceased awhile singing, again renewed their harmony.

We reached Elizabeth Town a little while after the stage-coach. My companion being somewhat fatigued, retired early to bed, but I devoted great part of the night to the refined pleasures of reading and reflection. There is no life so unsettled but a lover of reading will find leisure for the acquisition of knowledge, an acquisition that depends not on either seasons or place.

When I went to bed there was little sleep to be obtained; for a huge mastiff in the yard, notwithstanding the doctor put his head out of the window and vociferated to him repeatedly, did not remit barking the whole of the night. We therefore rose without being called, and pursued our journey to Prince-town, a place more famous for its college than its learning.

The road from Prince Town to Trenton offers little matter for speculation. I know that in some places there were battles fought between the British and their revolted colonists; but the recollection of it tends to no use, and, I am sure, it cannot be pleasing.

At Trenton, the doctor who was afflicted with sore eyes, declined proceeding any farther. It was to no purpose that I expostulated with him on the folly of his conduct, and urged that we had not many more miles to travel. The son of Paracelsus was inexorable, and it only remained for me to perform the last office of friendship, which was to tie a bandage over his eyes, and lead him blindfolded to his room; in our way to which, happening to stumble, the doctor comically enough observed, "When the blind leads the blind, they shall both of them fall."

From Trenton I was conveyed over the Delaware in the ferry-boat, and walked about a mile along the bank, when the coach to Philadelphia overtook me. Finding the road dusty, I complied with the invitation of the driver to get into the vehicle. At Bristol we took up two young women, clad in the habit of quakers, whom I soon, however, discovered to be girls of the town; and who, under pretence of shewing me a letter, discovered their address.

A spacious road conducted us to Philadelphia, which we entered at Front-street. I had expected to be charmed with its animation, but a melancholy silence prevailed in the streets, the principal houses were abandoned, and none but French people were to be found seeking pleasure in society.

The coach stopped at the sign of the Sorrell-horse, in Second-street, where I heard only lamentations over the yellow-fever, which had displayed itself in Water-street, and was spreading its contagion.

It costs no more to go to a good tavern than a bad one; and I removed my trunks, which I found at the stage-office, to the French hotel in the same street. Mr. Pecquet received me with a bowing mien, and called Jeannette for the *passe-partout* to shew me his apartments. He exercised all his eloquence to make me lodge in his hotel. He observed, that his house was not like an American house; that he did not in summer put twelve beds in one room; but that every lodger had a room to himself, and, Monsieur, added he very solemnly, "*Ici il ne sera pas necessaire de sortir de votre lit, comme chez les Americains, pour aller a la fenetre, car Jeannette n'oublie jamais de mettre un pot de chambre sous le lit.*"

Monsieur Pecquet assured me his dinners were of a superior kind, and finding I was an Englishman, observed with a bow, that he could furnish me with the best porter brewed in the city of Philadelphia.

Such professions as these, what unhoused traveller could resist? I commended Monsieur Pecquet on his mode of living, reciprocated compliments with him, chose the chamber I thought the coolest, and the same night found myself at supper with a dozen French ladies and gentlemen, who could not utter a word of English, and with whom I drank copious libations of that porter which my host had enlarged upon with such elegance of declamation.

My first visit was to the library. A bust of Dr. Franklin stands over the door, whose head it is to be lamented, the librarian cannot place on his own shoulders. Of the two rooms, the Franklinian library is confined to books in the English language, but the Loganian library comprehends every classical work in the ancient and modern languages. I contemplated with reverence the portrait of James Logan, which graces the room. I could not repress my exclamations. As I am only a stranger, said I, in this country, I affect no enthusiasm on beholding the statues of her generals and statesmen. I have left a church filled with them on the shore of Albion that have a prior claim to such feel-

ing. But I here behold the portrait of a man whom I consider so great a benefactor to literature, that he is scarcely less illustrious than its munificent patrons of Italy; his soul has certainly been admitted to the company of the congenial spirits of a Cosmo, and Lorenzo of Medicis. The Greek and Roman authors, forgotten on their native banks of the Ilyssus and Tiber, delight, by the kindness of a Logan, the votaries to learning on those of the Delaware.

James Logan was born in Scotland, about the year 1674. He was one of the people called quakers, and accompanied William Penn in his last voyage to Pennsylvania. For many years of his life he was employed in public business, and rose to the offices of chief-justice and governor of the province; but he felt always an ardour of study, and by husbanding his leisure, found time to write several treatises in Latin, of which one, on the Generation of Plants, was translated into English by Dr. Fothergill.

Being "declined in the vale of years," Mr. Logan withdrew from the tumult of public business, to the solitude of his country-seat, near German-town, where he found tranquillity among his books, and corresponded with the most distinguished literary characters of Europe. He also made a version of Cicero de Senectute, which was published with notes by the late Dr. Franklin. Whether Franklin was qualified to write annotations on Tully's noble treatise, will admit of some doubt; for the genius of Franklin was rather scientific than classical.

Mr. Logan died in 1751, at the venerable age of seventy-seven; leaving his library, which he had been fifty years collecting, to the people of Pennsylvania; a monument of his ardour for the promotion of literature*.

It was at this library that during three successive afternoons I enjoyed that calm and pure delight which books afford. But on the fourth I found access denied, and that the librarian had fled

* The following extract from Mr. Logan's will, cannot fail to interest the curious in literature.

"In my library, which I have left to the city of Philadelphia, for the advancement and facilitating of classical learning, are above 100 volumes of authors in folio, all in Greek, with mostly their versions. All the Roman Classics without exception. All the whole Greek mathematicians, viz. Archimedes, Euclid, Ptolemy, both his Geography and Almagest, which I had in Greek (with Theon's Commentary, in folio, above 700 pages) from my learned friend Fabricius, who published fourteen volumes of his *Bibliothèque Grecque* in quarto, in which, after he had finished his account of Ptolemy, on my inquiring of him at Hamburg in 1772, how I should find it, having long sought for it in vain in England; he sent it me out of his own library, telling me it was so scarce, that neither prayers nor price could purchase it: besides, there are many of the most valuable Latin authors, and a great number of modern mathematicians, with all the three editions of Newton, Dr. Wallis, Halley, &c.

"JAMES LOGAN."

from the yellow fever, which bred consternation through the city.

Of the fever I may say, that it momentarily became more destructive. Sorrow sat on every brow, and nothing was to be seen but coffins carried through the streets unattended by mourners. Indeed it was not a time to practise modes of sorrow, or adjust the funeral rites; but the multitude thought only of escaping from the pestilence that wasted at noon-day, and walked in darkness.

This was a period to reflect on the vanity of human life, and the mutability of human affairs. Philadelphia, which in the spring was a scene of mirth and riot, was in the summer converted to a sepulchre for the inhabitants. The courts of law were shut, and no subtle lawyer could obtain a client; the door of the tavern was closed, and the drunkard was without strength to lift the bowl to his lips: no theatre invited the idle to behold the mimic monarch strut his hour upon the stage; the dice lay neglected on the gaming-table, nor did the dancing-room re-echo with the steps of the dancer: man was now humbled! Death was whetting his arrows, and the graves were open. All jollity was fled. The hospital cart moved slowly on where the chariot before had rolled its rapid wheels; and the coffin makers were either nailing up the coffins of the dead, or giving dreadful note of preparation by framing others for the dying, where lately the mind at ease had poured forth its tranquillity in songs; where the loud laugh had reverberated, and where the animating sound of music had stolen on the ear.—In this scene of consternation, the negroes were the only people who could be prevailed on to assist the dying, and inter those who were no more. Their motive was obvious; they plundered the dead of their effects, and adorned themselves in the spoils of the camp of the king of terrors. It was remarked to me by a lady of Philadelphia, that the negroes were never so well clad as after the yellow fever.

I had been a week at Philadelphia, without hearing any tidings of my friend the doctor, when walking one evening past the Franklin's-head, I recognised him conversing with a stranger in the front room. The physician had arrived only that evening. He had staid six days at Trenton, leading a pleasant, convalescent life; from whence he had written me a letter, which I found afterwards at the post-office. We were rejoiced to meet each other, and the better to exchange minds, I accompanied the doctor into Arch-street, where taking possession of the porch of an abandoned dwelling, we sat conversing till a late hour. The most gloomy imagination cannot conceive a scene more dismal than the street before us: every house was deserted by those who

had strength to seek a less baneful atmosphere; unless where parental fondness prevailed over self-love. Nothing was heard but either the groans of the dying, the lamentations of the survivors, the hammers of the coffin-makers, or the howling of the domestic animals, which those who fled from the pestilence had left behind, in the precipitancy of their flight. A poor cat came to the porch where I was sitting with the doctor, and demonstrated her joy by the caresses of fondness. An old negro-woman was passing at the same moment with some pepper-pot* on her head. With this we fed the cat that was nearly reduced to a skeleton; and prompted by a desire to know the sentiments of the old negro-woman, we asked her the news. God help us, cried the poor creature, very bad news. Buckra die in heaps. By and bye nobody live to buy pepper-pot, and old black woman die too.

Finding all business suspended at Philadelphia, and the atmosphere becoming hourly more noisome, we judged it prudent to leave the city without delay; and finding a vessel at the wharfs ready to sale for Charleston, in South Carolina, we agreed for the passage, and put our luggage on board.

Having taken leave of Monsieur Pecquet, whose excellent dinners had enhanced him in the opinion of the doctor, we on the 22d of September, 1798, went on board, and bade adieu to Philadelphia, which was become a Golgotha.

The vessel having hauled out into the stream, we weighed with a fair wind, and shaped our course down the serpentine, but beautiful river of the Delaware. Our cabin was elegant, and the fare delicious. I observed the doctor's eyes brighten at the first dinner we made on board, who expressed to me a hope that we might be a month on the passage, as he wished to eat out the money the captain had charged him.

The first night the man at the helm fell asleep, and the tide hove the vessel into a corn-field, opposite Wilmington; so that when we went upon deck in the morning, we found our situation quite pastoral. We floated again with the flood-tide, and at noon let go our anchor before Newcastle.

It took us two days to clear the Capes. The banks of the Delaware had been extolled to me as the most beautiful in the world; but I thought them inferior to those of the Thames.

We were now at sea, bounding on the waves of the Atlantic. Of our passengers, the most agreeable was an old French gentleman from St. Domingo. Monsieur Lartigue, to the most perfect good-breeding, joined great knowledge of mankind, and at the age of sixty had lost none of his natural gaiety. It was impossi-

* Tripe seasoned with pepper.

ble to be dejected in the company of such a man. If any person sung on board, he would immediately begin capering; and when the rest were silent, he never failed to sing himself.

Nothing very remarkable happened in our passage, unless it be worthy of record, that one morning the captain suffered his fears to get the better of his reason, and mistook a Virginian sloop for a French privateer; and another day the mate having caught a dolphin, Mr. Lartigue exclaimed, "Il faut qu'il soit ragouti."

After a passage of five days, we came to an anchor in Rebellion Roads, from which we could plainly discern the spires and houses of Charleston; and the following day we stood towards Fort Johnson, which no vessels are suffered to pass without being examined.

Here the port physician came on board, with orders for us to perform quarantine a fortnight, to the great joy of the doctor, who had not yet eaten half of what he wished to eat on board. Monsieur Lartigue had abundantly stocked himself with confitures and wine; and I doubt not but the doctor still remembers the poignancy of his preserved cherries, and the zest of his claret.

CHAP. II.

Projects at Charleston. The Erudition of a Professor. A New and desirable Acquaintance. College Toils. A Journey on foot from Charleston to Coosohatchie.

I LANDED at Charleston with Dr. De Bow, who had clad himself in his black suit, and though a young man, wore a monstrous pair of spectacles on his nose. Adieu jollity! adieu laughter! the doctor was without an acquaintance on a strange shore, and he had no other friend but his solemnity to recommend him. It was to no purpose that I endeavoured to provoke him to laughter by my remarks; the physician would not even relax his risible muscles into a smile.

The doctor was right. In a few days he contrived to hire part of a house in Union-street; obtained credit for a considerable quantity of drugs; and only wanted a chariot to equal the best physician in Charleston.

The doctor was in possession of a voluble tongue; and I furnished him with a few Latin phrases, which he dealt out to his hearers with an air of profound learning. He generally concluded his speeches with "Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri!"

Wishing for some daily pursuit, I advertised in one of the papers for the place of tutor in a respectable family; not omitting to observe, that the advertiser was the translator of "Buonaparte's Campaign in Italy." The editor of the Gazette assured me of an hundred applications; and that early the next morning I should not be without some. His predictions were verified; for the following day, on calling at the office, I found a note left from a planter, who lived a mile from the town, desiring me to visit him that afternoon at his house. I went thither accordingly; but finding that the house and family, though in the first style of opulence, promised but little enjoyment, I declined the terms offered, and returned as I went.

My walk back to Charleston was along the shore of the Atlantic, whose waves naturally associated the idea of a home I despaired ever again to behold. Sorrow always begets in me a disposition for poetry; and the reflexions that obtruded themselves in my lonely walk, produced a little ode.

ODE ON HOME.

DEAR native soil! where once my feet
 Were wont thy flow'ry paths to roam,
 And where my heart would joyful beat,
 From India's climes restor'd to home;
 Ah! shall I e'er behold you more,
 And cheer again a parent's eye?
 A wand'rer from thy blissful shore,
 Thro' endless troubles doom'd to sigh?
 Or shall I, pensive and forlorn,
 Of penury be yet the prey,
 Long from thy grateful bosom torn,
 Without a friend to guide my way?
 Hard is the hapless wand'rer's fate.
 Tho' blest with magic power of song;
 Successive woes his steps await,
 Unheeded by the worldly throng.

It was not long before my advertisement brought me other applications. The principal of Charleston-college honoured me with a letter, desiring me to wait on him at his house.

I found Mr. Drone in his study, consulting with great solemnity a ponderous lexicon. And, to be brief, he engaged me as an assistant to his college for three months.

I was about to take leave, when the principal tutor entered the room, to whom he introduced me. Mr. George taught the Greek and Latin classics at the college, and was not less distinguished by his genius than his erudition. On surveying my new acquaintance, I could not but think that he deserved a better office than

that of a Gerund-grinder. Nature seemed to have set her seal on him to give the world assurance of a man. On our further acquaintance, he laughed at the starch gravity of the professor. Peace, said he, to all such ! Old Duffey, my first school-master in Roscommon, concealed more learning under the coarseness of his brogue, than this man will ever display with all his declamation.

Two young men, of similar pursuits, soon become acquainted. The day of my introduction to Mr. George, we exchanged thoughts without restraint ; and during three months that I continued at Charleston, we were inseparable companions. In six weeks, however, I grew thoroughly weary of my new office. The professor complained that I was always last in the college ; and I replied, by desiring my discharge.

I was now dismissed from the college ; but I was under no solicitude for my future life. A planter of the name of Brisbane, had politely invited me to his plantation, to partake with him and his neighbours, the diversion of hunting during the winter : and another of the name of Drayton, the owner of immense forests, had applied to me to live in his family, and undertake the tuition of his children. Of these proposals, the first flattered my love of ease, but the other seemed most lucrative. I was not long held in suspense which of the two to choose ; but I preferred profit to pleasure.

The winters of Carolina, however piercing to a native, who during the summer months may be said to bask rather than breathe, are mild to an Englishman accustomed to the frosts of his island. In the month of November, my engagement led me to Coosohatchie, an insignificant village about seventy-eight miles from Charleston ; for the plantation of Mr. Drayton was in the neighbouring woods. The serenity of the weather invited the traveller to walk, and, at an early hour of the morning, I departed on foot from Charleston, having the preceding evening taken leave of Mr. George.

The foot-traveller need not be ashamed of his mode of journeying. To travel on foot, is to travel like Plato and Pythagoras ; and to these examples may be added the not less illustrious ones of Goldsmith and Rousseau. The rambles of the antient sages are at this distance of time uncertain ; but it is well known that Goldsmith made the tour of Europe on foot, and that Rousseau walked, from choice, through a great part of Italy.

An agreeable walk of ten miles, brought me to the bank of Ashley river, where I breakfasted in a decent public-house, with the landlord and his family. Having crossed the ferry, I resumed my journey through a country which was one continued forest.

Tall trees of pine, planted by the hand of nature in regular rows, bordered the road I travelled, and I saw no other animals, but now and then a flock of deer, which ceasing awhile to browse, looked up at me with symptoms of wonder rather than fear.

"Along these lonely regions, here retir'd,
From little scenes of art, great nature dwells
In awful solitude, and nought is seen
But the wild herds that own no master's stall."

At three in the afternoon I reached Jackson-borough, the only town on the road from Charleston to Coosohatchie. Though a foot-traveller, I was received at the tavern with much respect; the landlord ushered me into a room which afforded the largest fire I had ever seen in my travels: yet the landlord, rubbing his hands, complained it was cold, and exclaimed against his negroes for keeping so bad a fire. Here, Syphax, said he, be quick and bring more wood: you have made, you rascal, a Charleston fire: fetch a stout back-log, or I'll make a back-log of you.

The exclamations of the landlord brought his wife into the room. She curtsied, and made many eloquent apologies for the badness of the fire; but added, that her waiting man, Will, had run away, and having whipped Syphax till his back was raw, she was willing to try what gentle means would do.

A dinner of venison, and a pint of Madeira, made me forget that I had walked thirty miles; and it being little more than four o'clock, I proceeded forward on my journey. The vapours of a Spanish segar promoted thought, and I was lamenting the inequality of conditions in the world, when night overtook me.

I now redoubled my pace, not without the apprehension that I should have to seek my lodgings in some tree, to avoid the beasts that prowled nightly in the woods; but the moon, which rose to direct me in my path, alleviated my perturbation, and in another hour, I descried the blaze of a friendly fire through the casements of a log-house. Imaginary are worse than real calamities; and the apprehension of sleeping in the woods, was by far more painful than the actual experience of it would have been. The same Being who sends trials, can also inspire fortitude.

The place I had reached was Asheepo, a hamlet consisting of three or more log-houses; and the inhabitants of every sex and age had collected round a huge elephant, which was journeying with his master to Savannah.

Fortune had therefore brought me into unexpected company, and I could not but admire the docility of the elephant, who in solemn majesty received the gifts of the children with his trunk.

But not so the monkey. This man of Lord Monboddo was inflamed with rage at the boys and girls; nor could the rebukes of his master calm the transports of his fury.

I entered the log-house which accommodated travellers. An old negro-man had squatted himself before the fire. Well, old man, said I, why don't you go out to look at the elephant? Hie! Massa, he calf! In fact, the elephant came from Asia, and the negro from Africa, where he had seen the same species of animal, but of much greater magnitude.

Travelling, says Shakespeare, acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows; and there being only one bed in the log-house, I slept that night with the elephant-driver. Mr. Owen was a native of Wales, but he had been a great traveller, and carried a map of his travels in his pocket.—Nothing shortens a journey more than good company on the road; so I departed after breakfast from Asheepo, with Mr. Owen, his elephant, and his monkey. Towards noon, however, I was left to journey alone. The elephant, however docile, would not travel without his dinner; and Mr. Owen halted under a pine-tree, to feed the mute companion of his toils.

For my own part, I dined at a solitary log-house in the woods, upon exquisite venison. My host was a small planter, who cultivated a little rice, and maintained a wife and four children with his rifled-barrel gun. He had been overseer to a Col. Fishborne, and owned half a dozen negroes; but he observed to me "his property was running about at large," for four of them had absconded.

As I purposed to make Pocotaligo the end of my day's journey, I walked forward at a moderate pace; but towards evening, I was aroused from the reveries into which my walking had plunged me, by a conflagration in the woods. On either side of the road the trees were in flames, which extending to their branches, assumed an appearance both terrific and grotesque. Through these woods, "belching flames and rolling smoke," I had to travel nearly a mile, when the sound of the negro's axe chopping of wood, announced that I was near Pocotaligo.

At Pocotaligo I learned, that the conflagration in the woods arose from the carelessness of some back-wood men, who having neglected to extinguish their fires, the flames had extended in succession to the herbage and the trees.

I was somewhat surprised on entering the tavern at Pocotaligo, to behold sixteen or more chairs placed round a table which was covered with the choicest dishes; but my surprise ceased, when the Savannah and Charleston stage-coaches stopped at the door,

and the passengers flocked to the fire before which I was sitting. In the Charleston coach came a party of comedians. Of these itinerant heroes, the greater part were my countrymen ; and as I was not travelling to see Englishmen, but Americans, I was not sorry when they retired to bed.

I was in a worse condition at Pocotaligo than Asheepo ; for at Pocotaligo the beds were so small, that they would hold only respectively one person. But I pity the traveller who takes umbrage against America because its houses of entertainment cannot always accommodate him to his wishes. I seated myself in a nook of the chimney, called for wine and segars, and either attended to the conversation of the negro-girls who had spread their blankets on the floor, or entertained myself with the half-formed notions of the landlord and coachman, who had brought their chairs to the fire, and were disputing on politics.

Early in the morning, I resumed my journey in the coach that was proceeding to Savannah ; I had but a short distance more to go ; for Coosohatchie is only ten miles from Pocotaligo. In journeying through America, the Indian names of places have always awakened in my breast a train of reflection ; a single word will speak volumes to a speculative mind ; and the names of Pocotaligo, and Coosohatchie, and Occoquan, have pictured to my fancy the havoc of time, the decay and succession of generations, together with the final extirpation of savage nations, who, unconscious of the existence of another people, dreamt not of invasions from foreign enemies.

I was put down at the post-office of Coosohatchie. The post-master was risen, expecting the mail. He invited me to partake of a fire he had just kindled, before which a negro-boy was feeding a sickly infant, whom the man always addressed by the Homeric title of " my son."

I sat with the post-master an hour, when I sought out the village tavern, where with some trouble I knocked up a miserable negress, who, on my entrance, resumed her slumbers on an old rug spread before the embers of the kitchen fire, and snored in oblivion of all care. After all, I know not whether those whose condition wears the appearance of wretchedness, are not greater favourites of nature than the opulent. Nothing comes amiss to the slave, he will find repose on the flint, when sleep flies the eyelids of his master on a bed of down. I seated myself in a nook of the chimney till day-light, when the landlord came down ; and not long after, a servant was announced with horses, to conduct me to the house of Mr. Drayton.

An hour's ride through a forest of stately pines, brought me

to the plantation, where I was received with much affability, by Mr. Drayton and his lady, and where I was doomed to pass the winter in the woods of Carolina.

CHAP. III.

Memoir of my Life in the Woods of South Carolina.—Ocean Plantation. Poetry delightful in Solitude. Walks in the Woods. Family of Mr. Drayton. Midnight Lucubrations. Sketches of Natural History. Deer-hunting. Remarks on Slaves and Slavery. Militia of Coosohatchie District. A School groupe. Journey into Georgia.

DEEP in the bosom of a lofty wood,
Near Coosohatchie's slow revolving flood,
Where the blithe mocking-bird repeats the lay
Of all the choir that warble from the spray;
Where the soft fawn, and not less tim'rous hind,
Beset by dogs, outstrip in speed the wind;
Where the grim wolf, at silent close of day,
With hunger bold, comes near the house for prey;
Along the road, near yonder fields of corn,
Where the soft dove resorts at early morn,
There would my breast with love of nature glow,
And oft my thoughts in tuneful numbers flow;
While friendly George, by ev'ry muse belov'd,
Smil'd his assent, and all my lays approv'd.

About half-way on the road from Charleston to Savannah, is situated a little village called Coosohatchie, consisting of a blacksmith's shop, a court-house, and a jail. A small river rolls its turbid water near the place, on whose dismal banks are to be found many vestiges of the Indians that once inhabited them; and in the immeasurable forests of the neighbourhood, (comprehended within the district of Coosohatchie), are several scattered plantations of cotton and of rice, whose stubborn soil the poor negro moistens with his tears, and

Whose sore task

Does not divide the Sunday from the week.

It was on one of these plantations that I passed the winter of 1798, and the spring of the following year.

I lived in the family of Mr. Drayton, of whose children I had undertaken the tuition, and enjoyed every comfort that opulence could bestow.

To form an idea of Ocean Plantation, let the reader picture to

his imagination an avenue of several miles, leading from the Savannah road, through a continued forest, to a wooden-house, encompassed by rice-grounds, corn and cotton-fields. On the right, a kitchen and other offices: on the left, a stable and coach-house: a little farther a row of negro-huts, a barn and yard: the view of the eye bounded by lofty woods of pine, oak, and hickory.

The solitude of the woods I found at first rather dreary; but the polite attention of an elegant family, a sparkling fire in my room every night, and a horse always at my command, reconciled me to my situation; and my impulse to sacrifice to the muses, which had been repressed by a wandering life, was once more awakened by the scenery of the woods of Carolina.

I indulged in the composition of lyric poetry, and when I had produced an ode, transmitted it to Freneau, at Charleston, who published it in his gazette. The following was one of my first productions.

HORACE, Book I. Ode 5. *Imitated.*

“ Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa, &c.”

TO PYRRHA.

WHAT essenc'd youth, on bed of blushing roses,
Dissolves away within thy glowing arms?
Or with soft languor on thy breast reposes,
Deeply enamour'd of thy witching charms?
For whom do now, with wantonness and care,
Thy golden locks in graceful ringlets wave?
What swain now listens to thy vows of air?
For whom doth now thy fragrant bosom heave?
Alas! how often shall he curse the hour,
Who, all-confiding in thy winning wiles,
With sudden darkness views the heavens lower,
And finds, too late, the treach'ry of thy smiles!
Wretched are they, who, by thy beauty won,
Believe thee not less amiable than kind:
No more deluded, I thy charms disown,
And give thy vows, indignant, to the wind.

I now cultivated the lighter ode, and the time passed pleasantly as I sacrificed to the laurelled-god in the woods of Carolina. The common names of common towns, of Boston, New-York, and Philadelphia, awaken no curiosity, because every traveller has described them; but Coosohatchie, which has scarce ever reached the ear of an European, appealed to my fancy, both from its Indian derivation, and the wildness of its situation. I therefore rejoiced at the chance which brought me to a new spot; and I envied not other travellers the magnificence of their cities.

The country near Coosohatchie exhibited with the coming spring a new and enchanting prospect. The borders of the

forests were covered with the blossoms of the dog-wood, of which the white flowers caught the eye from every part ; and often was to be seen the red-bud tree, which purpled the adjacent woods with its luxuriant branches ; while, not unfrequently, shrubs of jessamine, intermixed with the woodbine, lined the road for several miles. The feathered choir began to warble their strains, and from every tree was heard the song of the red-bird, of which the pauses were filled by the mocking-bird, who either imitated the note with exquisite precision, or poured forth a ravishing melody of its own.

I commonly devoted my Sundays to the pleasure of exploring the country, and cheered by a serene sky, and smiling landscape, felt my breast awakened to the most rapturous sensations. I lifted my heart to that Supreme Being, whose agency is every where confessed ; and whom I traced in the verdure of the earth, the foliage of the trees, and the water of the stream. I have ever been of opinion, that God can be as well propitiated in a field as a temple ; that he is not to be conciliated by empty protestations, but grateful feelings ; and that the heart can be devout when the tongue is silent. Yet there is always something wanting to sublunary felicity, and I confess, I felt very sensibly the privation of those hills which so agreeably diversify the country of Europe. I would exclaim in the animated language of Rousseau, “ *Jamais pays de plaine, quelque beau qu’il fut, ne parut tel à mes yeux. Il me faut des torrens, des rochers, des sapins, des bois noirs, des chemins raboteux à monter et à descendre, des précipices à mes cotés qui me fassent bien peur !* ”

In my walk to Coosohatchie I passed here and there a plantation, but to have called on its owner without a previous introduction, would have been a breach of that etiquette which has its source from the depravity of great cities, but has not failed to find its way into the woods of America. When I first beheld a fine lady drawn by four horses through the woods of Carolina in her coach, and a train of servants following the vehicle, clad in a magnificent livery, I looked up with sorrow at that luxury and refinement, which are hastening with rapid strides to change the pure and sylvan scenes of nature into a theatre of pride and ostentation. When Venus enchanted Æneas with her presence in the woods, she was not attired in the dress of the ladies of queen Dido’s court ; but, huntress like, had hung from her shoulders a bow, and was otherwise equipped for the toils of the chase.

On coming to Coosohatchie, I repaired to the post-office, which never failed to give me an epistle from my beloved and literary

friend Mr. George; who enlightened me with his knowledge, enlivened me with his wit, and consoled me with his reflections. I shall not expatiate on our genuine, disinterested friendship. He has consecrated to it a monument in his poem of the "Wanderer." What but the heart could have dictated the following passage?

"Here doom'd to pant beneath a torrid sky,
And cast to happier climes a wishful eye;
No friend had I my sorrows to deplore,
With whom to pass the sympathetic hour!
For many a stream, and many a waste divide,
These lonely shores from Coosohatchie's tide!"

I remember, with lively pleasure, my residence in the woods of South Carolina. Enjoying health in its plenitude, yet young enough to receive new impressions; cultivating daily my taste by the study of polite literature; blest with the friendship of a George, and living in the bosom of a family unruffled by domestic cares; how could I be otherwise than happy, and how can I refrain from the pleasure of retrospection.

Coosohatchie! thou shalt not be unknown, if, by what eloquence nature has given me, I can call forth corresponding emotions in the breast of my reader to those which my own felt when wandering silently through thy woods.

My pupils in the woods of Coosohatchie, consisted of a boy and two young ladies. William Henry was an interesting lad of fourteen, ingenuous of disposition, and a stranger to fear. He was fond to excess of the chase. His heart danced with joy at the mention of a deer; and he blew his horn, called together his dogs, and hooped and hallooed in the woods, with an animation that would have done honour to a veteran sportsman. O! for the muse of an Ovid, to describe the dogs of this young Actæon. There were Sweetlips, and Ringwood, and Music, and Smoker, whose barking was enough to frighten the wood nymphs to their caves.—His eldest sister, Maria, though not a regular beauty, was remarkable for her dark eyes and white teeth, and, what was not less captivating, an amiable temper. She was grateful to me for my instruction, and imposed silence on her brother when I invoked the muse in school. But it was difficult to controul her little sister Sally, whom in sport and wantonness they called Tibousa. This little girl was distinguished by the languish of her blue eyes, from which, however, she could dart fire when William offended her. Sally was a charming girl, whose beauty promised to equal that of her mother.—That I passed many happy hours in watching and assisting the progress of the minds of these

young people, I feel no repugnance to acknowledge. My long residence in a country where "honour and shame from no condition rise," has placed me above the ridiculous pride of disowning the situation of a tutor.

Though the plantation of Mr. Drayton was immense, his dwelling was only a log-house; a temporary fabric, built to reside in during the winter. But his table was sumptuous, and an elegance of manners presided at it that might have vied with the highest circles of polished Europe. I make the eulogium, or rather, exhibit the character of Mr. Drayton, in one word, by saying, he was a gentleman; for under that portraiture I comprehend whatever there is of honour. Nor can I refrain from speaking in panegyric terms of his lady, whose beauty and elegance were her least qualities; for she was a tender mother, a sincere friend, and walked humbly with her God. She was indeed deserving the solicitude of her husband, who would "not suffer the winds of heaven to visit her face too roughly."

It is usual in Carolina to sit an hour at table after supper; at least, it was our custom in the woods of Coosohatchie. It was then I related my adventures to Mr. and Mrs. Drayton, in the eastern section of the globe, who not only endured my tales, but were elated with my successes, and depressed by my misfortunes.

About ten I withdrew to my chamber and my books, where I found a sparkling fire of wood, and where I meditated, smoked segars, and was lost in my own musings. The silence of the night invited meditation; but often was I to be seen at three in the morning sitting before my chamber fire, surrounded like Magliabechi by my papers and my books. My study was Latin, and my recreation, the Confessions of the eloquent citizen of Geneva.

But I was not without company. A merry cricket in my chimney corner never failed to cheer me with his song.—A cricket is not to be contemned. It is related by Buffon that they are sold publicly in the Asiatic markets; and it is recorded of Scaliger, that he kept several in a box. I remember an ode which I consecrated to my midnight companion.

ODE TO A CRICKET.

LITTLE guest, with merry throat,
That chirpest by my taper's light,
Come, prolong thy blithsome note,
Welcome visitant of night.

Here enjoy a calm retreat,
In my chimney safely dwell,
No rude hand thy haunt shall beat,
Or chase thee from thy lonely cell.

Come, recount me all thy woes,
 While around us sighs the gale;
 Or, rejoic'd to find repose,
 Charm me with thy merry tale.
 Say, what passion moves thy breast:
 Does some flame employ thy care?
 Perhaps with love thou art oppress'd,
 A mournful victim to despair.
 Shelter'd from the wint'ry wind,
 Live and sing, and banish care;
 Here protection thou shalt find,
 Sympathy has brought thee here.

The country in our neighbourhood consisted of lofty forests of pine, oak, and hickory. Well might I have exclaimed in the words of my poetical friend:

“ Around an endless wild of forests lies,
 And pines on pines for ever meet the eyes! ”

The land, as I have before suggested, was perfectly level. Not the smallest acclivity was visible, and therefore no valley rejoiced the sight with its verdure.

The staple commodity of the state is rice, but cotton is now eagerly cultivated where the soil is adapted to the purpose. The culture of indigo is nearly relinquished. It attains more perfection in the East-Indies, which can amply supply the markets of Europe. It is to the crop of cotton that the planter looks for the augmentation of his wealth. Of cotton there are two kinds; the sea-island, and inland. The first is the most valuable. The ground is hoed for planting the latter part of March; but as frosts are not unfrequent the beginning of April, it is judicious not to plant before that time. Cotton is of a very tender nature. A frost, or even a chilling wind, has power to destroy the rising plant, and compel the planter to begin anew his toil.

The winds in autumn are so tempestuous, that they tear up the largest trees by the roots. Homer, some thousand years ago, witnessed a similar scene:

“ Leaves, arms and trees aloft in air are blown,
 The broad oaks crackle, and the sylvans groan;
 This way and that, the rattling thicket bends,
 And the whole forest in one crash descends.”

Of the feathered race, the mocking-bird first claims my notice. It is perfectly domestic, and sings frequently for hours on the roof of a log-house. It is held sacred by the natives. Even children respect the bird whose imitative powers are so delightful.

I heard the mocking-bird for the first time on the first day of

March. It was warbling, close to my window, from a tree called by some the pride of India, and by others the poison-berry tree. Its song was faint, resembling that of birds hailing the rising-sun; but it became stronger as the spring advanced. The premises of this mocking songster could not but delight me; and I addressed the bird in an irregular ode, which Mrs. Drayton did me the honour to approve.

ODE TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.

SWEET bird, whose imitative strain,
Of all thy race can counterfeit the note,
And with a burthen'd heart complain,
Or to the song of joy attune the throat;
To thee I touch the string,
While at my casement, from the neighb'ring tree,
Thou hail'st the coming spring,
And plaintive pour'st thy voice, or mock'st with merry glee,
Thou bring'st to my mind,
The characters we find
Amid the motley scenes of human life;
How very few appear
The garb of truth to wear,
But with a borrow'd voice, conceal a heart of strife.
Sure then, with wisdom fraught,
Thou art by nature taught,
Dissembled joy in others to deride;
And when the mournful heart
Assumes a sprightly part,
To note the cheat, and with thy mocking chide.
But when, with midnight song,
Thou sing'st the woods among,
And softer feelings in the breast awake *;
Sure then thy rolling note
Does sympathy denote,
And shews thou can'st of others' grief partake.
Pour out thy lengthen'd strain,
With woe and grief complain,
And blend thy sorrows in the mournful lay;
Thy moving tale reveal,
Make me soft pity feel,
I love in silent woe to pass the day.

The humming-bird was often caught in the bells of flowers. It is remarkable for its variegated plumage of scarlet, green, and gold.

The whip-poor-will, is heard after the last frost, when, towards night, it fills the woods with its melancholy cry of "Whip poor

* Put for awak'st.

Will! Whip poor Will!" I remember to have seen mention made of this bird in a Latin poem, written by an early colonist.

*"Hic Avis repetens, Whip! Whip! Will, voce jocosa,
Quæ tota verno tempore nocte canit."*

The note of the red-bird is imitated with nice precision by the mocking-bird; but there is a bird called the loggerhead that will not bear passively its taunts. His cry resembles "Clink, clink, clank;" which, should the mocking-bird presume to imitate, he flies and attacks the mimic for his insolence. But this only incurs a repetition of the offence; so true is it, that among birds as well as men, anger serves only to sharpen the edge of ridicule. It is observable, that the loggerhead is known to suck the eggs of the mocking-bird, and devour the young ones in the nest.

Eagles were often seen on the plantation. The rencounter between one of them and a fish-hawk is curious. When the fish-hawk has seiz'd his prey, his object is to get above the eagle; but when unable to succeed, the king of birds darts on him fiercely, at whose approach the hawk, with a horrid cry, lets fall the fish, which the eagle catches in his beak before it descends to the ground.

The woods abound with deer, the hunting of which forms the chief diversion of the planters. I never failed to accompany my neighbours in their parties, but I cannot say that I derived much pleasure from standing several hours behind a tree.

This mode of hunting, is, perhaps, not generally known. On riding to a convenient spot in the woods, the hunters dismount, take their stands at certain distances, hitch their horses to a tree, and prepare their guns,—while a couple of negroes lead the beagles into the thickest of the forest. The barking of the dogs announces that the deer are dislodged, and on whatever side they run, the sportmen fire at them from their lurking-places. The first day two bucks passed near my tree. I had heard the cry of the dogs, and put my gun on a whole cock. The first buck glided by me with the rapidity of lightning; but the second I wounded with my fire, as was evident from his twitching his tail between his legs in the agony of pain. I heard Col. Pastell exclaim from the next tree, after discharging his piece, "By heaven, that fellow is wounded, let us mount and follow him; he cannot run far." I accompanied the venerable colonel through the woods, and in a few minutes, directed by the scent of a beagle, we reached the spot where the deer had fallen. It was a noble buck, and we dined on it like kings.

Fatal accidents sometimes attend the hunters in the woods. Two brothers a few years ago, having taken their respective

stands behind a tree, the elder fired at a deer which the dogs had started; but, his shot being diverted by a fence, it flew off and lodged in the body of his brother. The deer passing on, the wounded brother discharged his gun which had been prepared, killed the animal, and staggering a few paces, expired himself. This disaster was related to me by Colonel Pastell and his son, Major Warley, and Captain Pelotte, who lived on the neighbouring plantations, and composed our hunting party.

After killing half a dozen deer, we assembled by appointment at some planter's house, whither the mothers, and wives, and daughters of the hunters had got before us in their carriages. A dinner of venison, killed the preceding hunt, smoked before us, the richest Madeira sparkled in the glass, and we forgot, in our hilarity, there was any other habitation for man but that of the woods.

In this hunting-party was always to be found my pupil, William Henry, who galloped through the woods, however thick or intricate; summoned his beagles, after the toil of the chase, with his horn; caressed the dog that had been the most eager in pursuit of the deer, and expressed his hope there would be good weather to hunt again the following Saturday.

I did not repress this ardour in my pupil. I beheld it with satisfaction; for the man doomed to pass every winter in the woods, would find his life very irksome, could he not partake, with his neighbours, in the diversions they afford.

*"Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis,
Indoctusque pilæ, discive, trochive quiescit,
Ne spissæ risum tollant impune coronæ."*

HOR.

Wolves were sometimes heard on the plantation in the night; and, when incited by hunger, would attack a calf and devour it. One night, however, some wolves endeavouring to sieze on a calf, the dam defended her offspring with such determined resolution, that the hungry assailants were compelled to retreat with the tail only of the calf, which one of them had bitten off.

Wild cats are very common and mischievous in the woods. When a sow is ready to litter, she is always enclosed with a fence or rails, for, otherwise, the wild cats would devour the pigs.

I generally accompanied my pupil into the woods in his shooting excursions, determined both to make havoc among birds and beasts of every description. Sometimes we fired in volleys at the flocks of doves that frequent the corn-fields; sometimes we discharged our pieces at the wild geese, whose empty cackling betrayed them; and once we brought down some paroquets, that were directing their course over our heads to Georgia. Nor was

it an undelightful task to fire at the squirrels on the tops of the highest trees, who, however artful, could seldom elude the shot of my eager companion.

The affability and tenderness of this charming family in the bosom of the woods, will be ever cherished in my breast, and long recorded, I hope, in this page. My wants were always anticipated. The family library was transported without entreaty into my chamber; paper, and the apparatus for writing, were placed on my table; and once having lamented that my stock of segars was nearly exhausted, a negro was dispatched seventy miles to Charleston, for a supply of the best Spanish.

I conclude my description of this elegant family, with an observation that will apply to every other that I have been domesticated in, on the western continent; that cheerfulness and quiet always predominated, and that I never saw a brow clouded, or a lip opened in anger.

One diminution to the happiness of an European in the woods of Carolina, is the reflection that every want is supplied him by slaves. The negroes on the plantation, including house-servants and children, amounted to a hundred; of whom the average price being respectively seventy pounds, made them aggregately worth seven thousand to their possessor.

Two families lived in one hut, and such was their unconquerable propensity to steal, that they pilfered from each other. I have heard masters lament this defect in their negroes. But what else can be expected from man in so degraded a condition, that among the ancients the same word implied both a slave and a thief.

Since the introduction of the culture of cotton in the state of South Carolina, the race of negroes has increased. Both men and women work in the field, and the labour of the rice plantation formerly prevented the pregnant negress from bringing forth a long-lived offspring. It may be established as a maxim, that, on a plantation where there are many children, the work has been moderate.

It may be incredible to some, that the children of the most distinguished families in Carolina, are suckled by negro-women. Each child has its mamma, whose gestures and accent it will necessarily copy, for children we all know are imitative beings. It is not unusual to hear an elegant lady say, "Richard always grieves when Quasheebaw is whipped, because she suckled him!" If Rousseau in his *Emile* could inveigh against the French mother, who consigned her child to a woman of her own colour to suckle, how would his indignation have been raised, to behold a

smiling babe tugging with its roseate lips at a dug of a size and colour to affright a satyr?

Before I quit the woods of Coosohatchie, it will be expected from me to fill the imagination of my reader with "the vengeful terrors of the rattle-snake," that meditates destruction to the unwary. Were I really pleased with such tales, I would not content myself with the story of the fascinating power of a rattle-snake over birds, but relate how a negro was once irresistibly charmed and devoured.

Vegetation is singularly quick in the woods of Carolina. Of flowers, the jessamine and woodbine grow wild; but the former differs widely from that known by the same name in England, being of a straw colour, and having large bells. Violets perfume the woods and roads with their fragrance.

In bogs, and marshy situations, is found the singular plant called the fly-catcher by the natives, and, I believe, *dionæ muscipula* by botanists. Its jointed leaves are furnished with two rows of strong prickles, of which the surfaces are covered with a quantity of minute glands that secrete a sweet liquor, which allures the flies. When these parts are touched by the legs of a fly, the two lobes of the leaf immediately rise, the rows of prickles compress themselves, and squeeze the unwary insect to death. But a straw or pin introduced between the lobes will excite the same motions.

The honey of the bees in Carolina is exquisitely delicious, and these insects are very sagacious in chusing their retreats. They seek lodgings in the upper part of the trunk of the loftiest tree; but here their nests cannot elude the searching eyes of the negroes and children. The tree is either scaled or cut down, the bees are tumbled from their honeyed domes, and their treasures rifled.

It appears to me that in Carolina, the simplicity of the first colonists is obliterated, and that the present inhabitants strive to exceed each other in the vanities of life. Slight circumstances often mark the manners of a people. In the opulent families, there is always a negro placed on the look-out, to announce the coming of any visitant; and the moment a carriage, or horseman, is descried, each negro changes his every day garb for a magnificent suit of livery. As the negroes wear no shirts, this is quickly effected; and in a few moments a ragged fellow is metamorphosed into a spruce footman. And woe to them should they neglect it; for their master would think himself disgraced, and Sambo and Cuffy incur a severe flogging.

In Carolina, the legislative and executive powers of the house

belong to the mistress, the master has little or nothing to do with the administration; he is a monument of uxoriousness and passive endurance. The negroes are not without the discernment to perceive this; and when the husband resolves to flog them, they often throw themselves at the feet of the wife, and supplicate her mediation. But the ladies of Carolina, and particularly those of Charleston, have little tenderness for their slaves; on the contrary, they send both their men-slaves and women-slaves, for the most venial trespass, to a hellish mansion, called the sugar-house: here a man employs inferior agents to scourge the poor negroes: a shilling for a dozen lashes is the charge: the man or woman, is stripped naked to the waist; a redoubtable whip at every lash flays the back of the culprit, who, agonized at every pore, rends the air with his cries.

Mrs. Drayton informed me, that a lady of Charleston once observed to her, that she thought it abominably dear to pay a shilling for a dozen lashes, and, that having many slaves, she would bargain with the man at the sugar-house to flog them by the year!

It has been observed by Mr. Jefferson, that negroes secrete little by the kidneys, but much by the pores, exhale a strong effluvia*. But great is the power of habit, and in the hottest day of summer, when the thermometer in the shade has risen to a hundred, I have visited a dinner-party of ladies and gentlemen, surrounded by a tribe of lusty negro-men and women. I leave my reader to draw the inference.

An Englishman cannot but draw a proud comparison between his own country and Carolina. He feels with a glow of enthusiasm the force of the poet's exclamation:

"Slaves cannot breathe in England!
They touch our country, and their shackles fall;
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of their rights."

It is, indeed, grating to an Englishman to mingle with society in Carolina; for the people, however well-bred in other respects, have no delicacy before a stranger in what relates to their slaves. These wretches are execrated for every involuntary offence; but negroes endure execrations without emotion, for they say, "when massa curse, he break no bone." But every master does not confine himself to oaths; and I have heard a man say, "By heaven, my negurs talk the worst English of any in Carolina: that boy just now called a bason a round-something: take him to the driver! let him have a dozen!"

* Vide, notes on Virginia.

Exposed to such wanton cruelty, the negroes frequently run away; they flee into the woods, where they are wet with the rains of heaven, and embrace the rock for want of a shelter. Life must be supported; hunger incites to depredation, and the poor wretches are often shot like the beasts of prey. When taken, the men are put in irons, and the boys have their necks encircled with a "pot-hook."

The Charleston papers abound with advertisements for fugitive slaves. I have a curious advertisement now before me. "Stop the runaway! Fifty dollars rewards! Whereas my waiting fellow, Will, having eloped from me last Saturday, without any provocation, (it being known that I am a humane master) the above reward will be paid to any one who will lodge the aforesaid slave in some jail, or deliver him to me on my plantation at Liberty Hall. Will may be known by the incisions of the whip on his back; and I suspect has taken the road to Coosohatchie, where he has a wife and five children, whom I sold last week to Mr. Gillespie.—A. LEVI."

No climate can be hotter than that of South Carolina and Georgia. In the piazza of a house at Charleston, when a breeze has prevailed, and there has been no other building near to reflect the heat of the sun, I have known the mercury in Fahrenheit's thermometer to stand at 101. In the night it did not sink below 89.

Animal heat I ascertained to be less than the heat of the weather. By confining the thermometer to the hottest part of my body, I found the mercury subside from 101 to 96. In fact, I never could raise the thermometer higher than 96 by animal heat*.

In a voyage to the East-Indies, I kept a regular account of the height of the thermometer, both in the sun and the shade. My journal is now before me. At eight in the morning, when our ship was on the equator, the thermometer in the shade was only 77 degrees; and the same day in the sun at noon it was 99†.

It may be advanced that the pavements of Charleston, and the situation of Savannah, which is built on a sandy eminence, may augment the heat of the weather; but be that as it may, it is, I think, incontrovertible, that no two places on the earth are hotter than Savannah and Charleston. I do not remember that the thermometer in the shade at Batavia exceeded 101.

* Boerhave fixed the vital heat at only 93 degrees; but both Sir Isaac Newton, and Fahrenheit have made it 96.

† I have found, since making these observations, that from nearly 4000 experiments made at Madras, the medium height of the thermometer was 80, 9. The general greatest height, 87, 1; and the least, 75, 5. The extreme difference, 11, half.

But if the heat of the weather in the southernmost states be excessive, not less sudden are its changes. In fact, so variable is the weather, that one day not unfrequently exhibits the vicissitudes of the four seasons. The remark of an early colonist is more than poetically true.

*"Hic adeo inconstans est, et variabile cælum,
Una ut non raro est æstus hiemsque die."*

I have known one day the mercury to stand at 85; and the next, it has sunk to 39.

But it is from the middle of June to the middle of September, that the excessive heats prevail. It is then the debilitating quality of the weather consigns the languid lady to her sofa, who, if she lets fall her pocket-handkerchief, has not strength to pick it up, but calls to one of her black girls, who is all life and vigour. Hence there is a proportion of good and evil in every condition; for a negro-girl is not more a slave to her mistress, than her mistress to a sofa; and the one riots in health, while the other has every faculty enervated.

Negroes are remarkably tolerant of heat. A negro in the hottest month will court a fire.

From the black there is an easy transition to the white man. Society in Carolina exhibits not that unrestrained intercourse which characterises English manners. And this remark will apply throughout the States of the Union. The English have been called reserved; and an American who forms his notions of their manners from Addison and Steele, entertains a contemptible opinion of the cheerfulness that prevails in the nook-shotten isle of Albion.

But let the cheerfulness of both countries be fairly weighed, and I believe the scale will preponderate in favour of the English. That quality termed humour, is not indigenous to America. The pleasantries of a droll would not relax the risible muscles of a party of Americans, however disposed to be merry; the wag would feel no encouragement from the surrounding countenances, to exert his laughter-moving powers; but like the tyrant in the tragedy, he would be compelled to swallow the poison that was prepared for another.

Cotton in Carolina, and horse-racing in Virginia, are the prevailing topics of conversation: these reduce every understanding to a level, and to these Americans return from the ebullitions of the humourist, as the eye weary of contemplating the sun, rejoices to behold the verdure.

Captain Pelotte, who, I have observed, composed one of our hunting-party, having invited me to the review of the militia of

Coosohatchie district, I rode with him to the muster-field, near Bee's-Creek, where his troop was assembled. It was a pleasant spot of thirty acres, belonging to a school-master, who educated the children of the families in the neighbourhood.

There is scarcely any contemplation more pleasing than the sight of a flock of boys and girls just let loose from school. Those whom nature designed for an active enterprising life, will contend for being foremost to cross the threshold of the school-door; while others of a more wary temper, keep remote from the strife.

A throng of boys and girls was just released from the confinement of the school, as I reached Bee's-Creek with Captain Pelotte. Our horses and they were mutually acquainted. The beasts pricked up their ears, and some of the children saluted them by name; while some, regardless of both the horses and their riders, were earnestly pursuing butterflies; some stooping to gather flowers; some chaunting songs, and all taking the road that led to the muster-field. If ever I felt the nature that breathes through Shenstone's School poem, it was on beholding this band of little men and little women.

" And now Dan Phœbus gains the middle sky,
And Liberty unbars her prison-door,
And like a rushing torrent, quit they fly,
And now the grassy cirque is cover'd o'er
With boist'rous revel rout, and wild uproar;
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,
Heav'n shield their short-liv'd pastimes, I implore!
For well may Freedom, erst so dearly won,
Be to Columbia's sons more gladsome than the sun!"

Captain Pelotte having reviewed his soldiers, marched them triumphantly, round a huge oak that grew in the centre of the parade, animated by the sound of the spirit-stirring drum; and afterwards laid siege to a dinner of venison in the open air, to which I gave my assistance. It was a republican meal. Captains, lieutenants, and privates, all sat down together at table, and mingled in familiar converse. But the troop devoured such an enormous quantity of rice, that I was more than once inclined to believe they had emigrated from China.

On the 7th of April, 1799, I accepted the invitation of a Mr. Wilson, who was visiting the family at Ocean, to accompany him to Savannah; glad with the opportunity to extend my travels into Georgia, and not less happy to cultivate his acquaintance.

We left Ocean plantation at eight in the morning. Mr. Wilson drove himself in a sulky, and I rode on horseback, followed by a servant on another.

Our journey offered nothing to the view but an uncultivated tract, or one continued pine-barren; for Priesburg is a village composed of only three houses, and Barnazoba can boast only the same number of plantations.

Having refreshed ourselves in the house of Mrs. Hayward's overseer (the lady was gone to Charleston), we waded from Barnazoba, through mud and mire, to the mouth of a creek, where we embarked with a couple of negroes in a canoe, and were paddled into a small river that empties itself into that of Savannah. Again we landed, and walked about a mile to another plantation, of which the white people were absent, but the negroes remained. Here we launched a large canoe, and were rowed to my companion's plantation; dining on the water in our passage thither. The negroes of the plantation beheld the coming of Mr. Wilson with joy; old and young of both sexes came to the landing-place to welcome his approach. The canoe was in a moment run high and dry upon the beach, and the air resounded with acclamations.

We left the plantation in a four-oared canoe, and were rowed with velocity up the beautiful river of Savannah. Quantities of alligators were basking in the sun on both shores. They brought to my recollection the happy description of Ariosto.

*"Vive sub lito è dentro a la Riviera,
Ei corpi umani son le sue vivande,
De le persone misere è incaute,
Di Viandanti è d' infelice naute."*

This animal (says the poet) lives on the river and its banks; preying on human flesh: the bodies of unwary travellers, of passengers, and of sailors.

We landed at Yamacraw, the name given by the Indians to the spot on which part of Savannah is built; and after ploughing through one or two streets of sand, we reached Dillon's boarding-house, where we were obligingly received, and comfortably accommodated. There was a large party at supper, composed principally of cotton manufacturers from Manchester, whose conversation operated on me like a dose of opium. Cotton! Cotton! Cotton! was their never-ceasing topic. Oh! how many travellers would have devoured up their discourse; for my part I fell asleep, and nodded till a negro offered to light me to my room.

Savannah is built on a sandy eminence. Let the English reader picture to himself a town erected on the cliffs of Dover, and he will behold Savannah. But the streets are so insupportably sandy, that every inhabitant wears goggles over his eyes, which

give the people an appearance of being in masquerade. When the wind is violent, Savannah is a desert scene.

Having purchased a little edition of Mrs. Smith's sonnets, my delight was to ascend the eminence which commands the view of the river, and read my book undisturbed. With my pencil I wrote on my tablets the following sonnet to the author.

SONNET TO CHARLOTTE SMITH.

BLEST Poetess! who tell'st so soft thy woe,
I love to ponder o'er thy mournful lay,
In climes remote, where wan, forlorn, and slow,
To the wash'd strand I bend my listless way.

Now, on Savannah's cliffs I wayward read,
In joy of grief, thy pity-moving strain,
While smiles afar the variegated mead,
And not a wave disturbs the tranquil main.

Like thee, the Muse has from my infant hours,
With smiles alluring won me to the grove;
Snatch'd, in a playful mood, some scatter'd flow'rs
To deck my head, gay emblems of her love:

But mine of light, deceitful hues are made,
While thine of bloom perennial ne'er will fade.

The 11th of April, I returned with Mr. Wilson to the woods of Coosohatchie, which I found Mr. Drayton and family about to leave to their original tenants of racoons, squirrels, and opossums.

My table was covered with letters from my friend. Mr. George had left the college of Charleston, for a seminary less famous, but more profitable, at George-town, at the confluence of the rivers Winyaw and Waccamaw. There, in concert with his uncle, an episcopal minister, he enjoyed society, and indulged in his favourite studies.

CHAP. IV.

Pisture of a Family travelling through the Woods. Terror inspired by two Snakes, and the gallantry of an American Boy. Residence at Ashley River. Removal to Sullivan's Island. Literary Projects. Anecdotes of Goldsmith. A Journey on Foot from Charleston to George-town. Elegy over the Grave of a Stranger in the Woods of Owendaw. Reception at George-town. Death of General Washington.—Journey back to Charleston. Embark for New-York. Incidents of the Voyage.

IT was in the month of May, 1799, that Mr. Drayton and his family exchanged the savage woods of Coosohatchie, for the politer residence of their mansion on Ashley river. In our migration we formed quite a procession. Mr. Drayton occupied the coach with his lady and youngest daughter; and I advanced next with my fair pupil in a chair, followed by William Henry, on a prancing nag, and half a dozen negro fellows, indifferently mounted, but wearing the laced livery of an opulent master. Thus hemmed in by the coach before, a troop of horsemen behind, and impenetrable woods on both sides, I could not refrain from whispering in the ear of my companion, that her friends had put it out of my power to run away with her that day.

About three in the afternoon, our journey being suspended by the heat of the weather, we stopped to eat a cold dinner, in a kind of lodge that had been erected by some hunters on the roadside, and which now hospitably accommodated a family travelling through the woods.

Here we took possession of the benches round the table to enjoy our repast; turning the horses loose to seek the shade; and cooling our wine in a spring that murmured near the spot. William Henry, having snatched a morsel, got ready his fowling-piece, to penetrate the woods in search of wild turkies; and while we were rallying him on his passion for shooting, the cry from a negro of a rattle-snake! disturbed our tranquillity. The snake was soon visible to every eye, dragging its slow length along the root of a large tree, and directing its attention to a bird, which chattered and fluttered from above, and seemed irresistibly disposed to fall into his distended jaws. London, a negro servant, had snatched up a log, and was advancing to strike the monster a blow on the head, when a black snake, hastening fu-

riously to the spot, immediately gave battle to the rattle-snake, and suspended, by his unexpected appearance, the power of the negro's arm. We now thought we had got into a nest of snakes, and the girls were screaming with fright, when William Henry, taking an unerring aim with his gun, shot the rattle-snake, in the act of repulsing his enemy. The black snake, without a moment's procrastination, returned into the woods, and profiting by his example, we all pursued our journey, except William Henry, who stopped with a negro to take out the rattles of the monster he had killed. My pupil presented me with these rattles, which I carried for three years in my pocket, and finally gave them to the son of a Mr. Andrews, of Warminster, who had emigrated to Baltimore, and had been to me singularly obliging.

We stopped a few days at Stono, where we were kindly received by Mr. Wilson, my late travelling companion into Georgia. I expected that William Henry would receive the applauses of his friends for the presence of mind he had displayed in killing the rattle-snake; but when the youngest sister recited the story to the family, they heard her without emotion, and only smiled at it as a trifling incident.

In the venerable mansion at Ashley river, I again directed the intellectual progress of my interesting pupils, and, enlarged the imagination of William, by putting Pope's version of the *Odyssey* into his hands, which I found among other books that composed the family library. He had before read the *Iliad*; but neither Patroclus slain by Hector, nor Hector falling beneath the avenging arm of Achilles, imparted half the rapture which Ulysses inspired, with his companions in the cave of Polyphemus.

The garden of Mr. Drayton's mansion led to the bank of Ashley river, which, after a rapid course of twenty miles, discharged itself into the Atlantic. The river was not wanting in picturesqueness, and, once, while stretched at my ease on its banks, I meditated an ode.

ODE ON ASHLEY RIVER.

Ox gentle Ashley's winding flood,
Enjoying philosophic rest;
I court the calm, umbrageous wood,
No more with baleful care oppress.

Or, on its banks supinely laid,
The distant mead and field survey,
Where branching laurels form a shade
To keep me from the solar ray.

While flows the limpid stream along,
With quick meanders through the grove,
And from each bird is heard the song
Of careless gaiety and love.

And when the moon, with lustre bright,
Around me throws her silver beam,
I catch new transport from the sight,
And view her shadow in the stream.

While Whip-poor-will repeats his tale,
That echoes from the boundless plain;
And blithsome to the passing gale,
The Mocking-bird pours out his strain.

Hence with a calm, contented mind
Sweet pleasure comes without alloy;
Our own felicity we find—
'Tis from the heart springs genuine joy.

An elder brother of Mr. Drayton was our neighbour on the river; he occupied, perhaps, the largest house and gardens in the United States of America. Indeed, I was now breathing the politest atmosphere in America; for our constant visitants were the highest people in the state, and possessed of more house servants, than there are inhabitants at Occoquan. These people never moved but in a carriage, lolled on sophas instead of sitting on chairs, and were always attended by their negroes to fan them with a peacock's feather. Such manners were ill-suited to an Englishman who loved his ease; and whenever their carriages were announced, I always took my gun, and went into the woods.

From Ashley river, after a short residence, we removed to Charleston, which was full of visitors from the woods, and exhibited a motley scene. Here was to be perceived a coach, without a glass to exclude the dust, driven by a black fellow, not less proud of the livery of luxury, than the people within the vehicle were of a suit made in the fashion. There was to be discovered a Carolinian buck, who had left off essences and powder, and, in what related to his hair, resembled an ancient Roman; but in the distribution of his dress, was just introducing that fashion in Charleston, which was giving way in succession to another in London. But he had an advantage over his transatlantic rival; he not only owned the horse he rode, but the servant who followed. To be brief, such is the pride of the people of Charleston, that no person is seen on foot unless it be a mechanic. He who is without horses and slaves, incurs always contempt.

I found my friend, Dr. De Bow, in high repute at Charleston, and not without the hope that he should soon keep his carriage.

He entreated I would lend him my assistance to write an essay on the croup. I begged to be excused, by professing my utter unacquaintance with the mode of treating the disease. The doctor was here interrupted by a negro-boy, who called him to attend his master in the last stage of the yellow-fever. The doctor immediately slipped on a black coat and snatching up his gold-headed-cane, followed the negro down stairs.

The doctor being gone, it was not possible to do justice to the treatise on the croup; but finding myself disposed to write something, I addressed my friend in an ode. The doctor was about to embark for the Havannah, as surgeon of a ship; and his approaching voyage furnished me with a hint.

ODE TO WILLIAM DE BOW, M. D.

SINCE on the ocean's boundless deep,
 Once more impell'd by fate you go,
 The Muse the trembling wire would sweep,
 And soft invoke each gale to blow.
 Long has it been our doom to roam,
 With hearts by friendship's cement bound,
 (The world at large our only home)
 O'er many a wide expanse of ground.
 At Philadelphia's sad confine,
 Where death stalk'd round with aspect wild,
 We saw the widow vainly pine,
 And heard the mother mourn her child:
 While desolation mark'd the scene
 And groans of dying fill'd each gale,
 Where dance no more rejoic'd the green,
 Nor song re-echo'd from the dale.
 May no such griefs again demand
 The sigh of pity from thy breast,
 But jocund pleasure's mirthful band,
 Sooth ev'ry baleful care to rest.
 Then festive let thy moments flow,
 While round thee roars the briny flood;
 May ev'ry breeze auspicious blow,
 And nought provoke the wat'ry god.

Having leisure for some literary undertaking, I issued a prospectus for the publication of two *Vogages* to the East-Indies. The work was to be comprised in an octavo volume, and delivered to subscribers for two dollars. Mr. Drayton, without hesitation, subscribed for ten copies; and in a few weeks, I could boast a long list of subscribers from the circles of fashion.

To avoid the fever, which every summer commits its ravages at Charleston, Mr. Drayton removed with his family in July, to a

convenient house on Sullivan's island. The front windows commanded a view of the Atlantic, whose waves broke with fury not a hundred yards from the door. It is almost superfluous to observe, that Sullivan's island lies opposite to Charleston, at the distance of eight miles.

In the garden on our premises, I took possession of a neat little box, which served me for a seminary, and house of repose.—Here I was gratified with the company of Mr. George, who came to visit me from George-town. Not more joyous was the meeting of Flaccus and Maro, at the Appian Way :

“ O ! qui complexus, et gaudia quanta fuerunt ! ”

He was received with every elegance of urbanity by Mr. and Mrs. Drayton ; but he compared our situation to Æneas among the Greeks ; “ vadimus immixti Danais haud numine nostro.” So natural is it for a wit to ridicule his host.

Passage-boats are always to be procured from Sullivan's island to Charleston, and I was introduced by my friend to an Irish clergyman, of the name of Best, who was attached to Mr. George, partly from his being an Irishman, and partly from esteem for his attainments.

Mr. Best communicated to me a few anecdotes relative to Goldsmith, which I minuted down in his presence.

“ The Deserted Village,” said he, “ relates to scenes in which Goldsmith was an actor. Auburn is a poetical name for the village of Lissoy, in the county of Westmeath Barony, Kilkenny West. The name of the school-master was Paddy Burns. I remember him well. He was indeed a man severe to view. A woman called Walsey Cruse, kept the alehouse.

“ Imagination fondly stops to trace
The parlour-splendors of the festive place.”

“ I have been often in the house.

“ The hawthorn-bush was remarkably large, and stood opposite the alehouse. I was once riding with Brady, titular Bishop of Ardagh, when he observed to me, Ma foy, Best, this huge, overgrown bush, is mightily in the way ; I will order it to be cut down. What, Sir, said I, cut down Goldsmith's hawthorn-bush, that supplies so beautiful an image in the Deserted Village ! Ma foy ! exclaimed the bishop, is that the hawthorn-bush ! Then ever let it be sacred to the edge of the axe, and evil to him that would cut from it a branch.”

Mr. Best also related to me some anecdotes that would serve to illustrate the Traveller, which I regret are not preserved, for the Traveller is a poem that is ever read with new rapture. The

mind can scarcely refrain from picturing Goldsmith in the capacity of an adventurer; travelling with an expansion to his mental powers, and feeling the impulse of his poetical genius; observing with a philosophic eye the mingled scenes before him, and framing from their diversity the subject of his poem.

The stone of Sisyphus calling my friend back to George-town, I was once more left to the tuition of William Henry, and his sisters. My pupil was not, I believe, content with his insular situation, but sighed for the woods, his dogs, and his gun. Man laughs at the sports of children, but even their most trifling pastimes form his most serious occupations; and their drums, and rattles, and hobby-horses, are but the emblems and mockery of the business of mature age.

No families are more migratory than those of Carolina. From Sullivan's island we went again to the mansion on Ashley river, where I had invitations to hunt, to feast, and to dance. But nothing could soothe the despondency I felt on the approaching return of Mr. Drayton to the woods of Coosohatchie. He guessed the cause of my woe-begone looks, and, rather than be deprived of my services, politely offered to pass the winter on the banks of Ashley river: nay, he even proposed to send his son, when the war terminated, to make with me the tour of the continent of Europe. There are few men that in my situation would have resisted such allurements; but I dreaded the tainted atmosphere that had dispatched so many of my countrymen to the house appointed for all living; and, filled with apprehension, I left this charming family in whose bosom I had been so kindly cherished, to seek another climate, and brave again the rigours of adversity.

The 15th of December, 1799, I rode from Ashley river to Charleston, with the design of proceeding to George-town, and visiting the academic bowers of my friend. I had again determined to travel on foot, and enjoy the meditations produced from walking and smoking amidst the awful solitude of the woods. Having provided myself with a pouch of Havanpah segars, and put a poem into my pocket, which Mr. George had composed over the grave of a stranger on the road, I crossed the ferry at Cooper's river, and began my journey from a spot that retains the aboriginal name of Hobcaw.

In travelling through an endless tract of pines, a man can find few objects to describe, but he may have some reflections to deliver. I was journeying through endless forests, that, once inhabited by numerous races of Indians, were now without any individual of their original possessors; for the diseases and luxuries introduced by the colonists, had exterminated the greater

number, and the few wretches that survived, had sought a new country beyond the rivers and mountains.

For the first fifteen miles of my journey, I encountered no human being but a way-faring German; and heard no sound but that of the wood-pecker, and the noise of the negroe's axe felling trees. There was no other object to employ the sight, and no other noise to disturb the repose of the desert.

I supped and slept at a solitary tavern, kept by young Mr. Dubusk, whose three sisters might have sat to a painter for the Graces. Finding my young landlord companionable, I asked him why he did not pull down the sign of General Washington, that was over his door, and put up the portrait of his youngest sister. That, said he, would be a want of modesty: and, besides, if Jemima is really handsome, she can want no effigy; for good wine, as we landlords say, requires no bush. We drew our chairs near the fire after supper, when Mr. Dubusk did his utmost to entertain me. He related, that only a few nights before, some sparks had put a link into his bed, which, by the moon-light through his window, his apprehension magnified into a black snake. And is a native of Carolina, afraid of a snake? said I.—Not, said he, if I meet him on the road, or in the woods. I wish I had as many acres of land as I have killed rattlesnakes in this country. My plantation would be a wide one.—Mr. Dubusk was somewhat a wag. Being called on after supper to sing the patriotic song of Hail Columbia; he parodied it with much drollery.

Hail Columbia! happy land!

Full of pines, and burning sand!

At this I was surprised: for Hail Columbia exacts not less reverence in America, than Rule Britannia in England.

The next morning, Mr. Dubusk walked with me a few miles on my road; but my companion having business at a plantation in the woods, I was soon left to pursue my journey alone through the sand. My sight was still bounded by the same prospect as ever. I could only distinguish before me a road that seemed endless, and mossy forests on each border of it. An European gazes with wonder at the long and beautiful moss, that, spreading itself from the branches of one tree to those of another, extends through whole forests*.

It was now eight in the morning; the weather was mild, and I walked vigorously forward, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy."

* This moss when it becomes dead serves many useful purposes. The negroes carry it to Charleston, where it is bought to stuff mattresses, and chair-bottoms. The hunters always use it for wadding to their guns.

At Darr's tavern I found nobody but a negro-woman, who was suckling her child, and quieting its clamours by appropriating, instead of a common rattle, the rattles of a snake.

As Mr. Darr was gone out, I was glad to obtain a plate of mush*, which having eaten, *sans* milk, *sans* sugar, and even *sans* molasses, I gave the good woman a piece of silver, and again pursued my journey.

A walk of eight more miles brought me to Owendaw bridge, and, taking a small path that led into the woods, I sought for the grave of a stranger, of whom tradition has preserved no remembrance; and whose narrow-house I at length discovered under a large and stately pine. I suppress the reflections which filled my breast on beholding it. Mr. George had anticipated me in a poem, which I meditated over the grave, in all the luxury of melancholy.

ELEGY OVER THE GRAVE OF AN UNKNOWN, IN THE WOODS OF
OWENDAW.

Now while the sun in ocean rolls the day,
Pensive I view where yonder trees display
The lonely heap of earth where here unmourn'd,
Beneath the pine the stranger lies inurn'd.
Near these green reeds that shade the passing wave,
The grass proclaims the long neglected grave,
Where dark and drear the mossy forests rise,
And nature hides her form from mortal eyes;
Where never print of human step is found,
Nor ever sun-beam cheers the gloomy ground,
But towering pines the light of heaven preclude,
And cedars wave in endless solitude;
Where stretch'd amid the leaves, the branching hind
Hears the tall cypress murmur to the wind.
All now unknown, if here this space of dust
Enclose the ashes of the base or just;
Nor wept by friendship, nor enroll'd by fame,
Without a tomb, and e'en without a name.
So rests amid these over-arching woods,
Some hapless corse, regardless of the floods,
Which oft around with angry deluge sweep,
And roll the wrecks of ages to the deep.
Those warring passions struggling to be free,
Those eyes that once the blaze of heaven could see;
That hand from which, perhaps, the brave retir'd;
That heart which once the breath of life inspir'd,
Now shut for ever from the face of day,
Claim but at last this narrow spot of clay.
Unhappy dust, no memory remains
Of what of thee once trod these gloomy plains,

* Indian meal boiled.

Whether some wish, that fires the human breast,
 Of glory, or of wealth, was here suppress;
 Or great, or humble, was thy former lot,
 To all unknown, by all the world forgot!
 But what is friendship, or exalted fame,
 Which time may wound, or Envy's eye may blame?
 Alike the lofty and the low must lie,
 Alike the hero and the slave must die;
 A few short years their names from earth shall sweep,
 Unfelt as drops when mingling with the deep.
 For thee no tomb arrests the passing eye,
 No muse implores the tributary sigh,
 Nor weeping sire shall hither press to mourn,
 Nor frantic spouse invoke thee from thine urn;
 But here unwept, beneath this gloomy pine,
 Eternal nights of solitude are thine.
 So when conflicting clouds, in thunder driven,
 Shake to its base the firmament of heaven,
 Prone on the earth the lofty cedar lies,
 Unseen, and in an unknown valley dies:
 So falls the towering pride of mortal states,
 So perish all the glories of the great.
 In vain with hope to distant realms we run,
 Some bliss to share, or misery to shun.
 In vain the man with narrow bosom flies,
 Where meanness triumphs, and where honour dies;
 And fills the sable bark with sordid ore,
 To swell the pomps that curse a guilty shore;
 Pursu'd by fate through every realm and sea,
 He falls at last unwept, unknown, like thee.

Pursuing my journey, in somewhat a dejected mood, I crossed over Owendaw-bridge, and walked forward at a moderate rate. In fact, I regulated my pace by the sun, which was descending behind me in the woods, and at which I occasionally looked back.

About night-fall I reached Mr. Mac Gregor's tavern, of which the proximity was announced by the axe of the negro chopping wood. No sound can be more delightful than this to the foot-traveller in America, when night has cast its shadows over the face of the country. It not only informs him that he is near some human habitation; but associates the welcome image of a warm fire-side, and an invigorating supper.

The house of Mr. Mac Gregor was agreeably situated on the river Santee. But it was filled with the planters and young women from the neighbouring woods, who had assembled to celebrate their Christmas festival; for it was, I discovered, the anniversary of the day that gave birth to our Redeemer. Strange!

that I should regard time so little, as not to know, that its inaudible and noiseless feet had stolen through another year.

The party was, however, taking time by the forelock. They had formed a dance, but could not begin it for want of their musician, whom they expected with impatience. Hang that Orpheus! exclaimed one of the young men, who held by the hand a little girl of true virginal beauty, with fair hair floating over her shoulders; curse that Orpheus! said he; he has got drunk again, and has lost himself in the woods! Mac Gregor, lend me your horn; I'll go a little way, and blow to him. He snatched up the horn, and slipping on his great coat, was about to sally into the woods to seek for the lost Orpheus, when the little girl whose hand he had let go, anticipating his design, clung fondly round him, and burst into a violent flood of tears.

Woman! all conquering woman! thou art every where the same; and thy empire over man is every where confest. Whether in the polished cities of Europe, or among the rude forests of America, thou canst practise the same arts, and inspire the same tenderness!

The ferocity of Jack was softened by the mournful distraction of Barbara. It was a ludicrous spectacle. Jack in the towering height and breadth of his body, could scarcely, I think, be inferior to Sampson; he would have slain with his nervous arm a whole host of enemies. Yet here he was killed himself by only one glance from a virgin eye, that was brimful of tears; for some minutes his speech was suspended, and the giant could only look and sigh unutterable things. Oh! for the chissel of a Praxiteles, to represent this tender damsel; the most seducing object that love could employ to extend the limits of his empire. Insensibility itself would have fallen at the feet of so sweet a creature.

At length Jack recovered the use of his faculties. He laid down the horn; and, catching Barbara in his arms, smacked her lips with such ardour, that he seemed to be tearing up kisses by the roots.

The girls in company blushed, or held down their heads, but the men fell into a roar of such loud and obstinate laughter, that, like the peal of Homer's gods, I thought it inextinguishable.

Mr. Mac Gregor now took the horn, and, going to the door, began to blow it with vehemence, and then to exclaim Orpheus! Yo ho! Orpheus! Must I come and look for my old snow-ball?

At length a voice was heard to reply, Who call Orpheus? That Mossa Mac Gregor? Here Orpheus come! Here he come himself!

It was not long before Orpheus made his appearance, in the shape of an old Guinea negro, scraping discord on a fiddle, reeling about from side to side, and grinning in the pride of his heart.

Each man now seized his partner, Orpheus struck up a jig, and down the dance went Jack and Barbara, with light, though untutored steps. Not being for any of their ambling, and finding that amidst such riot no sleep was to be had, I summoned a negro, and was paddled in a canoe, through Push-and-go creek, to the opposite bank of Santee river. The whip-poor-will, on my landing, was heard from the woods; and, in prosecuting my walk, I meditated a sonnet to the bird.

SONNET TO THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

Poor, plaintive bird! whose melancholy lay
Suits the despondence of my troubled breast,
I hail thy coming at the close of day,
When all thy tribe are hush'd in balmy rest.

Wisely thou shunn'st the gay, tumultuous throng
Whose mingled voices empty joys denote,
And for the sober night reserv'st thy song,
When echo from the woods repeats thy note.

Pensive, at silent night, I love to roam,
Where elves and fairies tread the dewy green,
While the clear moon, beneath the azure dome,
Sheds a soft lustre o'er the sylvan scene.

And hear thee tell thy moving tale of woe,
To the bright empress of the Silver Bow,

I had now not to walk through woods, but over ground that had been cleared by the industry of the husbandman. But I had scarce proceeded half a mile, when a party of horsemen, and girls double-mounted, came ambling over the plain; and all seemed to ask, with one voice, if the boat was at the ferry, I informed them, that I had crossed Santee river in a canoe, which, I believed, was at the ferry, but that, far from embarking their party, it would not hold a third of them.

Then you came, said one of the men, through Push-and-go creek?

I replied in the affirmative.

The devil take Mac Gregor, cried he. There are no snakes in South Carolina if I am not up to him for this. I hope Orpheus has not been able to find his way through the woods!

I told them, that if by Orpheus he meant a drunken negro, who scraped upon the fiddle,—he had not only reached the house, but put all the company in motion.

And now my friends, said I, let me ask you if there be any house on the road where I shall be likely to obtain a lodging?

Are you for George-town? said one of the men.—Yes!

Then, rejoined he, it is hard saying; for there is no house in the main-road between this and the Run*; and the run is so high, from the freshes, that you will not be able to ford it. We did not cross the run; we live this side of it—away there (pointing with his hand), among the back-woods.

Nothing can give more poignancy to the misfortunes of a traveller, than for him to repine at them. I therefore walked forward with a decisive step, and whistled a merry tune as I brushed the dew with my feet.

In about half an hour, I reached a solitary mud-but, which stood adjoining to a wood. A little smoke rose from the chimney, but not a mouse was stirring near the dwelling. But from the woods was heard the cry of the whip-poor-will, and the croaking of the bull-frogs.

I peeped through a chink in the wall of this lonely hut. I could distinguish an old negro-man and negro-woman, huddled together, like Darby and Joan, before the embers of an expiring fire, and passing from one to another the stump of an old pipe. I tapped at the door. Please God Almighty! said the old woman; who knock at our door this time of night? Why I thought nobody was awake but whip-poor-will!

Open the door, said the old man, very calmly, 'tis mayhap some negur man that has run away, and is now come out of the woods to beg a hoe-cake, or a bit of hominy.

Lack-a-day! you don't say so, replied the old woman. Some poor runaway, without a bit of victuals to keep life and soul together. Well! there's a whole hoe-cake in the platter. That's lucky, for true!

The old woman came to the door, but, starting back on beholding me, exclaimed, Hie! this not negur! This one gentleman!

Let my page record the hospitality of this poor black woman and her husband. They proffered me their provisions, and helped me to the sweetest draught of water I ever remember to have drunk. They proposed to spread a blanket for me before the fire, and supply me out of their garments with a pillow for my head. In a word, though their faces were black, their hearts were not insensible.

I could not overcome my prejudices. I felt the fulness of their humanity; but, my heart harboured that pride, which courted

* A stream that crosses a road is called a Run in the southern States. After a heavy rain, the freshes (floods) render these runs for some time impassable.

the rigours of the night, rather than descend to become the guest of an African slave. I declined their offer with acknowledgments, and prosecuted my walk into the woods.

I had walked about three miles, lighted forward by the moon, and admonished of the lateness of the hour by the appearance of the morning star, when the barking of dogs, and the voices of men at a distance, filled me with the hope that I was approaching some village. My heart caught new pleasure, and I redoubled my pace; but in a few minutes, instead of entering a village, I found myself among a crowd of waggons and waggoners, who, having their journey suspended by a run of water which had overflowed its banks, were preparing to encamp on the side of the road. Of these some were backing their waggons, some unharnessing their cattle, and some kindling a fire.

On coming to the bank of the stream, I asked a man, who was splitting wood, whether there was any canoe to carry travellers across the run.

Indeed, I don't know, said he.

How is that? cried another waggoner, approaching the spot. If the stranger is willing to go to the expense of a canoe, I'll hew him one out of the stump of a tree in less than half an hour. I have tools in my waggon.

Sir, replied I, I think it will be more adviseable to tarry here till the floods are subsided. But, is there no tavern near here?

There is not a grog-shop, said the man, between this and George-town. But if you chuse to drink some whiskey, I have got a demi-john in my waggon. Come, don't make yourself strange because I drive a waggon.

Sir, said I, it was my anxiety to obtain a lodging that made me ask after a tavern; I did not want liquor. But as you are polite enough to welcome me to your jorum of whiskey, I shall be happy to pledge you.

The fellow now went to his waggon, and, taking out a small demi-john of whiskey, returned to the place where I stood, followed by the whole of his fraternity. Come, said he, here's a good market for our tobacco! And after taking a long draught, which called a profound sigh from his lungs, he handed me the demi-john, of which having drank, I passed it in succession to my neighbour.

No man is more tenacious of etiquette than I. For two persons to become acquainted, the laws of good-breeding exact the introduction of a third. This third person I had now found in the demi-john of whiskey, and so without any further ceremony,

I accompanied the gentlemen waggoners to their fire, and squatted myself before the blaze.

The man whom I had pledged, I very soon discovered to be the chief of the gang ; for his mien was more lofty, and his speech more imperious than that of the rest. Holla ! Ralph Noggin ! cried he—Turn the horses out loose with their bells on, that we may find them again in the woods. And do you hear, get the pig out of the big waggon, that we may barbecue him while there's a slow fire.

This motion of the waggoner was, I thought, not a bad one ; my hunger seconded it in secret ; and I began to entertain a higher opinion of the company I had got into.

Having barbecued the pig, each man drew forth his knife, and helped himself to a portion. I was invited to do the same, but, when I had laid hands on a savoury morsel, it was difficult to retain it, for a dog, that accompanied the waggons, placed himself before me in a menacing attitude, and every time I put a piece of meat into my mouth, the cur gnashed his teeth, and rebuked me with an angry bark. At length, I was relieved from the importunities of the dog, by the politeness of a waggoner, who, snatching up his whip, cracked it over the dog's back with such violence, that the animal slunk his tail between his hind legs, and ran howling into the woods with a most tragical tone ; a tone that suspended for some minutes the bellowing of the bullfrogs, and the cry of the whip-poor-will.

My companions having satisfied their hunger, they soon fell asleep ; and it was not very long before I followed the example. My bed was composed of leaves, and I had no other canopy but the skies ; but, in two watchful voyages to the East-Indies, I had often snored on the hard deck, and repose in the open air was a thing I had been used to.

About sun-rise I awoke, refreshed beyond measure with three hours sound sleep. Some of my companions were awake, but others were yet snoring. At length, they all rose and shook themselves, and the chief of the party had expressed it to be his opinion, that the run would not go down before noon.

About noon the water went down, and my companions, who had previously harnessed their cattle, crossed without any obstacle to the opposite bank. I followed on a led horse, which they did not judge prudent to fasten to a waggon, and which took me over in safety. I then dismounted, and, having shaken each of the party by the hand, pursued my journey on foot. The sun, which in the early part of the morning had been obscured, now

gladdened the plains; and, as I journeyed onward, I sent forth in concert with the creation a prayer to that Universal Lord, at whose altar of praise and thansgiving, all religions, though by different paths, assemble; and ultimately unite in one centre of adoration.

A walk of ten miles brought me within sight of George-town, which exhibited an agreeable *coup d'œil*, as I approached the bank of Sampit river. The opening of Waccamaw bay, at the confluence of Sampit, Black, and Pedec rivers, brought to my mind the happy description which my friend Mr. George had given the world of it; who is not less exact than felicitous in the combination of his images.

“ Here as you enter from the winding wood,
The wand’ring eye beholds the confluent flood,
Where the wide waves of Waccamaw o’erflow,
And gloomy wolds an endless prospect shew:
Where roll the placid streams from Sampit’s source,
And Winyaws waves with slow meanders course,
Through many a tainted marsh and gloomy wood,
The dark abodes of dreary solitude.”

I felt no little exultation in reflecting that it was the author of this description, whom I was about to visit; that he expected with solicitude my coming, and that I should be received by him with transports. I crossed the river Sampit in the ferry-boat, and rejoiced to find myself in the company of my friend. But I did not find him at his studies. Mr. George was neither composing the Mæonian verse, the plaintive elegy, nor soothing sonnet. In profane prose, he was at dinner, and such was the unclassical condition of my appetite from a walk of fourteen miles, that a welcome to a turkey and chine was greater music to my ear, than the softest verses my friend could have produced from his invocations of the morning.

It is only those who know what friendship is, that can form a just estimate of the happiness I enjoyed in the company of Mr. George. In a public party he was somewhat reserved; but in the unrestrained interchange of his mind with a friend, no man could be more pleasant.

The old lady at the boarding-house informed me, that she hardly knew what to make of Mr. George; sometimes he would be sociable, and chat round the parlour fire with the rest of her boarders; but that oftener he shut himself up in his chamber, wandered alone in the woods, and was overheard talking to himself. Alas! for the simplicity of the woman! She little knew the enjoyments of a cultivated mind, or the delight a poet felt in

courting the silence of solitude, and muttering his wayward fancies, as he roved through the fields.

It, however, appeared to me, that Mr. George was not so enamoured of the muses, but that he had an eye for a fair creature, who lived within a few doors of his lodgings. He manifested, I thought, strong symptoms of being in love.

The academy at George-town, is under the direction of Mr. Spierin, an Irish clergyman of the episcopal persuasion; a man profoundly versed in the languages of Greece and Rome, not un-conversant with the delicacies of the English, and a powerful preacher.

During my visit to George-town, the melancholy tidings were brought of the death of General Washington. The inhabitants of the town were crowding to the ball-room at the moment the courier brought the dispatch. But the death of so great a man, converted their hilarity into sorrow; the eye of many a female, which, but a moment before had sparkled with pleasure, was now brimful of tears; and they all cast off their garments of gladness, and clothed themselves with sackcloth.

The following Sunday, the men, women, and children, testified their veneration for the father of their country, by walking in procession to the church, where Mr. Spierin delivered a funeral oration. Never was there a discourse more moving. Tears flowed from every eye; and lamentations burst from every lip.

I look back with pleasure and satisfaction on the time I passed with my friend, at the confluence of the rivers Waccamaw and Winyaw. Our conversation was commonly on the writers of the Augustan age, and I corrected many errors I had imbibed by solitary study. The taste of Mr. George had been formed on the polished models of antiquity; to these he always recurred as to the standards of elegant composition. It is recorded, I believe, of Euler, that he could repeat the whole of the *Æneid* by heart; but the memory of Mr. George had not only digested the *Æneid*, but also the *Georgics* and *Eclogues*.

But the moment was approaching that called me to another climate. I found a schooner lying at the wharfs of George-town, that was bound to New York, and thither I had formed the resolution of going. To this resolution I was particularly determined by the projects of Mr. George; who, disgusted with the society at George-town—the eternal discourse of the inhabitants about their negroes and cotton-fields; and the innovations of the trustees on his mode of tuition, had come to the determination of seeking another people, and opening a school of his own.

When I, therefore, waved my hand on board the vessel to my

friend, who stood on the wharf with the calm inhabitants of Wac-camaw, my heart was rather elated with joy at the expectation of soon meeting him at New York, than depressed with sorrowful emotions to separate from him at George-town.

Heaven prosper you, my dear fellow, said Mr. George. But your impending gales of wind, and rolling of the vessel, will excite little sympathy, because I shall reflect you are again in your own element. Yet shall I never cease exclaiming, "Sic te diva potens Cypri," &c. till you give me a missive that acquaints me with your safe landing. Adieu! I will soon shake you by the hand again in a region less unhealthy, less inhospitable, and less unclassical.

The sails of the vessel were now distended by a breeze that was both favourable and fresh. We shaped our course out of the harbour; the waves roared around the bark; and in half an hour, she appeared to the eye of the beholder from land, a white speck only on the ocean. The wind changed off cape Hatterass to the north-east, from which quarter it blew a tremendous gale. We lay-to in a most miserable condition, wet, sick, and unable to cook any food. I now sighed for Coosohatchie, the company of my pupils, and my walks in the woods; but my ambition of travel struggled over my weakness, and I sought refuge in jollity with my portly companion.

The next morning, the sun shone down the sky-light into the cabin. The gale having abated, we prosecuted our voyage, and on the morning of the 5th of February 1800, saw the high land of the Jerseys. As the day advanced, we could distinguish the light-house on Sandy-Hook, and with a pleasant breeze were wafted to the wharfs of New York.

CHAP. V.

Engagements at New York. An American Author. Mr. George arrives at New York. Epistolary Correspondence. A Visit to Long Island. Journey to the City of Washington.

MY first care on returning to New York, was to deliver a letter I had been favoured with from Mr. Spierin, to his friend bishop Moore. I waited on the bishop most opportunely, for the preceding day he had been applied to by an opulent merchant to procure a tutor for his children, and I was a tutor by trade.

The bishop introduced me to Mr. Ludlow and his lady, who

received me with some formality; but whose conversation I thought interesting, because they offered me a handsome salary to educate their children. In the woods of Carolina, I had received eighty guineas a year; but Mr. Ludlow proposed a hundred.

I therefore exchanged my lodgings with Major Howe, for an elegant structure in Broad Way, and took possession of a chamber that was worthy to lodge a prince. My pupils were few for the salary I enjoyed, being only three boys, Robert, Ferdinand, and Edward.

I pass over common occurrences to embrace again Mr. George, who had left the academy at George-town, and, like a true poet, was without a settled habitation. I procured him lodgings under the roof of Major Howe: and, the better to enjoy a freedom from interruption, I took my friend to King's little tavern, near the Presbyterian church, where we chatted and laughed till midnight.

I introduced Mr. George to Col. Burr, whom I had not neglected; and I also presented him to bishop Moore, who had procured me a salary of a hundred guineas. I have ever felt the highest veneration for the dignified office of prelate. There are many of different feelings. But as the English soldier detested a Frenchman because he wore wooden shoes; so many cannot endure a bishop, because he wears lawn sleeves.

It was the custom of Mr. Ludlow every summer to exchange the tumult of the city, for the quiet of his rural retreat; or, in other words, to remove his family from New York, to a place called West Chester. But knowing that Mr. George was in some solicitude for his future support, and being myself engaged by Caritat, on liberal terms, to compile a volume of modern poetry*, I presented my friend to the family, extolled the multiplicity of his attainments, and resigned to him my place. In truth I was weary of setting boys their copies, and I wanted some remission to my fatigue.

Mr. George a few days after followed the family into their retreat, which he has described, together with the state of his own feelings, in a familiar epistle.

“No prospect can be more enchanting than that from our

* This volume of modern poetry was to be a royal octavo, of one thousand pages. It was to contain all the poems of all the modern poets. Caritat made a voyage to England with no other purpose than to collect all their works. He bought up all the modern poetry that London could furnish; and when I say this, I need not observe, that the ship which contained his cargo drew a great depth of water. The pumps were kept constantly going.

mansion. Two tufted islands at a distance, leave a vista between them, through which gleam the turrets of New York, rising like a new creation from the sea.

“But my time rolls heavily along. Let casuists reason as they will; a vigorous mind can derive no satisfaction from retirement. It is only on the great theatre of the world that we can be sensible of the pleasures of existence. The solitary mind is its own sepulchre; and where variety is unknown, or the passions are suppressed, the noblest energies are lost for want of objects.

“I have again read over your epistles from Coosohatchie, and am now travelling with you through the swamps of Pocotaligo, and the woods of Asheepoo. There is certainly a pleasure in retracing our former footsteps, and pursuing our adventures through the wilds of Carolina. I can now behold you sitting with the driver on the front seat, and smoking your segar, while the solitary vehicle rolls slowly through the forests.

“Women know not what to be at. This evening they were contending who should first take the telescope to look at the full moon, which arose from the distant hills with unusual beauty. The telescope was brought, and I shewed each lady in regular succession, the polar hemisphere, together with the constellations of Arcturus and Orion; repeating at the same time their description from the eighteenth Iliad.

“I went down to the Sound to swim awhile ago, and, during my stay in the water, some fellow threw in my shirt; so I came up like one of Falstaff’s men. This lamentable accident brought the servants about me; and the gardener’s wife made no scruple to lend me one of her husband’s shirts.

“I knew not when I entered on the office of tutor in this family, that one part of my duty would be, to teach my pupils to swim. Is not this a work of supererogation? However, I never fail to duck most fervently, these enemies to silence and reflection.”

Some symptoms of the yellow fever appearing in New York, spread universal consternation; and the subscribers to the volume of modern poetry not coming in crowds with their subscription-money, the compilation of it was postponed. Being now without any determined employment, I had nothing to detain me in the town; and transporting my books and baggage over to Long island, I was fortunate enough to procure lodgings at Newtown, under the roof of the episcopal minister, Mr. Vandyke. He was a garrulous valetudinary old creature, who would have been excellent company for the elders that viewed the Grecian forces from the battlements of Troy.

The parsonage-house was not unpleasantly situated. The porch was shaded by a couple of huge locust-trees, and accommodated with a long bench. Here I often sat with my host, who, like parson Adams, always wore his cassock; but he did not read Æschylus. Alas! the old gentleman was not descended from the family of the Medici; nor would learning have ever been indebted to him for its revival.

Mr. Vandyke was at least sixty; yet if a colt, a pig, or any other quadruped entered his paddock, he sprang from his seat with more than youthful agility, and vociferously chased the intruder from his domain. I could not but smile to behold him running after a pig, and mingling his cries with those of the animal!

It would be ungrateful were I not to enumerate the friends I found in Long island.—Mr. Titus, who lived on a creek that communicated with the Sound, both feasted and caressed me; he was a worthy old gentleman; and at his house, as in the days before the flood, they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage.

Farmer Moore, brother to bishop Moore, of New York, always entertained me with a hearty welcome. Every one acknowledged his daughter was charming:

“ A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at itself.”

Indeed the manners of the whole family were worthy of the golden age.

Mr. Remsen, who lived with more magnificence on the river-side, opposite Flushing, gave me sumptuous dinners, and Madeira after each repast. His lady was not without elegance; but his two daughters were lovely.

Nor in enumerating the belles of Newtown, ought I to omit Mrs. Dungan, and Miss Townshend.

From Mr. Remsen's dwelling on the water-side, the mansion of Mr. Ludlow could be clearly distinguished, lifting its proud turrets above the shore in West Chester. I had been invited, both by the family and my friend to visit the “ new house;” and having, on a serene day, dined with Mr. Remsen, I was paddled in a canoe from his landing-place to the opposite shore.

The little boys shouted with joy as the canoe approached their wharf, and George, abandoning a poem he was composing, flew to my embrace.

I was ushered into the parlour. Every thing breathed splendour. A turkey carpet covered the floor, and the richest sofas

invited repose. Negus was served up in a golden cup, by a servant clad in a magnificent livery; and every fruit of the season was placed on the side-board. The room was soon filled by the family, all eager to receive me and do the honours of the house.

I could not but be delighted with the joy expressed by the children; they either clung round my knees, or ran to bring the letters I had written them, that I might perceive with what care they had preserved my epistles.

After continuing three days with my friend, he accompanied me from West Chester, in a passage-boat to New York.

At New York, we experienced an oblivion of care at King's little tavern, next to the presbyterian church; which, from the jollity that resounded in every room on a Sunday, brought to recollection the proverb, that "the nearer to church the further from heaven." Here, however, we smoked segars, and forgot we were tutors.

The following day, I prevailed on Mr. George to visit Newtown, and I introduced him to my friends. We dined with Mr. Remsen, from whose house he departed for West Chester in a canoe. I awaited in the piazza the return of the canoe, chatting most delectably with Miss Eliza Remsen, over a cup of tea administered by her fair hands. The canoe returned, and brought me a note from my friend.

"I, thank God, found none of the family at home on my arrival; so I can walk about the house without feeling my dependence."

Mr. George only remained with Mr. Ludlow till his quarter expired, when it was concerted by every party, that I should resume the place. But he was not long unemployed; for the inhabitants of Newtown, being in want of a teacher, converted a spare dwelling into a school, and engaged my friend on liberal terms to educate their children.

Mr. George was now in Long Island, and I had received a very polite letter from Mrs. Ludlow, who entreated me to hasten my return to her family. I obeyed her orders with alacrity.

I therefore drove Mr. George in a chair to the water-side, and at the house of Mr. Berian, hired a canoe to cross the Sound. After an hour's rowing, the boatman reached West Chester, and landed me at Mr. Ludlow's. Of the family the children were only at home, who received me with every demonstration of joy; but not long after, Mrs. Ludlow returned in her chariot, whose elegant and conciliating manners soon reconciled me to my situation.

I sent my friend his trunks by the return of the canoe, and a

short note produced from the impulse of the moment. In a few days I was favoured with an epistle from Mr. George.

"After your departure from Berian's in the canoe, I resumed my station with the old fellow on the porch; here I awaited with impatience the return of the boat with my trunk. Berian I found to be a plain, honest, sensible, old navigator, and I drank tea with him.

"At night-fall the boat returned with my trunk and a letter from my beloved companion in adversity; it is only by the absence of persons that are dear to us, that we can estimate truly their value; and I now began sensibly to feel the privation of your company. I left Berian's at seven; the night was very dark, and the moon (though considerably above the horizon) was entirely obscured by clouds. I was in no small danger of breaking my neck over the rocks which obstructed my passage, but my horse not being of a disposition to run away with his burden, I escaped the danger of an overthrow. After opening and shutting several gates that impeded my journey, and passing over many rocky hills, I descended to the shore, of which the waves were covered by a thick mist, that obscured their agitation, and rendered their fury more awful; the tide had usurped much of the road, and the left wheel of the chair rolled through the water. Hence, after travelling along "the beached verge of the salt flood," I ascended a high hill, and turning into a different road from that through which you were my companion, I drove into a thick spreading wood of oak: here I was fearful of entirely losing my way through the trees; but the clouds dispersed, and the moon arose to light me on my journey. At nine I reached the parson's, where I found the family peaceably occupied with their needles; they received me with kindness, but the rustic silence which prevailed among them, and the tedious reverberations of the clock, compelled me to retire to my room, where I indulged myself in uninterrupted reflection, and in pondering over your curious epistle."

A few days afterwards I received a second letter from Mr. George.

"In this out-of-the-world village, I live neither pleasing, nor pleased; for a rustic cannot receive much gratification from the society of a man of letters; and surely the man of letters cannot derive any pleasure from the company of a rustic. It is only by a collision of minds of the same tendency, that inquietude can be soothed, and the intellect invigorated."

"My condition is, however, more tolerable than it was. Here I have no mincing imperatrix to say to me, 'Mr. George, my

children do nothing, I must insist, Sir, you will be more attentive to Bobby and Neddy.' Deo Gratias! O thou eater of broken meats! Thou lilly-livered, supper-serviceable rogue of a tutor! Avaunt!

"I was lately at New York. But I went not to pay my respects to members of congress, but with the hope of encountering the friend of my heart, and the companion of my adversity.

"I slept at Howe's, and during the night was perpetually annoyed with the cry of fire! fire! As the noise increased, I arose with not less trepidation than Æneas, when he ascended to the top of old Anchises' palace:

" Et jam proximus ardet
Ucalegon."

"But here, as in all modern conflagrations, (whether real or poetic), there was more smoke than fire, and more consternation than danger; so I slunk again to slumber, from which not even the ghost of Hector could have awakened me.

"Shall you exchange soon the dull walks of West Chester, for the animated streets of New York? Come over, I beseech you, and enable me once more to exclaim with rapture, Vixi."

With the first frost, the family of Mr. Ludlow removed from the solitude of West Chester, to the gaieties of New York; and I again took possession of a room boasting every convenience of accommodation, where I could prosecute, without disturbance, my *lucubrations* till a late hour. The library of Caritat supplied me with every book in the French and my own idiom; and before a cheerful fire, I could pass nights of rapture in the acquisition of elegant and useful knowledge. The emoluments I had derived from the publication of a little novel, induced me to undertake another, which I was resolved to make more voluminous; for Americans expect quantity in a book not less eagerly than in other bargains.

But the time was approaching, when I had every reason to flatter my expectation with exchanging the muses' bower for the garden of the Hesperides. Colonel Burr had been elected to the place of Vice-President of the United States, and Colonel Burr was my friend. He had just returned from the city of Washington, and with the most condescending urbanity, did me the honour to call on me at Mr. Ludlow's. Col. Burr observed, that "Mr. Gallatin having expressed a desire to procure a secretary who was skilled in composition, he had recommended me as a person qualified to undertake the office, and was happy to have it in his power to acknowledge by any service, the sensible pleasure he had received from my literary productions."

My pupils could be hardly persuaded I was about to leave them, till I bade them farewell; they shed many tears; but their grief, however violent, was of transient duration; for before I had walked half way down the street, I beheld them return to their ball-playing with more alacrity than ever.

I journeyed delightfully from New York to Philadelphia, and thence to Washington. My finances were good, and I was going to a place where I had only to extend my arms and catch the golden shower. Let the gloomy moralist insist on the position, that life is rather to be endured than enjoyed; but hope itself is happiness, and he who has the knack of practising it, cannot be long a victim to melancholy, though he find himself cheated daily by new disappointments.

I travelled in the coach, and was put down, with another passenger, to stop the night, at a tavern, built on a bank of the river Susquannah. It was delightfully situated, commanding the prospect of Chesapeake bay, and the little town of Havre de Grace. The accommodations at the tavern were elegant, and a mulatto girl waited at supper, whose beauty entitled her to a better office than that of brushing away flies from the guests with a peacock's feather.

I repined at being waked before it was light by the horn of the driver; but I was repaid for the disturbance of my morning slumbers by the spectacle of the rising sun. His first rays gilded the herbage, yet humid with the dews of night; and the carol of the mocking-bird, though faint, saluted the return of day.

We prosecuted our journey to Baltimore in charming spirits; a happy constitution of temper made every place alike to my companion; and his advance in years seemed only to have brought with them a higher relish for life.

The next morning I resumed my journey for the city of Washington, passing in my way thither, through no place of any note, unless it be a little town called Bladensburgh, built on the water of the eastern branch of the Potomac.

I obtained accommodations at the Washington tavern, which stands opposite the treasury. At this tavern I took my meals at the public table, where there was every day to be found a number of clerks, employed at the different offices under Government; together with about half a dozen Virginians, and a few New England men.

Bear witness, ye powers, with what visions of greatness I feasted my imagination, as I walked from the tavern to the treasury.

Mr. Gallatin heard the object of my mission with patience; when he with the utmost composure observed, that "the orga-

nization of the offices in the treasury, under the preceding administration, had been too complicated, and that far from having any place to give away, the employments of inferior diplomatic agency were yet to be diminished. Yet he was sorry, very sorry, I should travel so far to encounter disappointment."

I replied, that I had not travelled to no purpose, for I had not only seen the city of Washington, but also Mr. Gallatin; and making him a very low bow, I again walked down the treasury stairs!

Finding a schooner at George-town ready to sail for Alexandria, I put my trunk on board of her, and left without regret the imperial city.

The wind being contrary, we had to work down the Potomac. The river here is very beautiful. Mason's island forms one continued garden; but what particularly catches the eye is the Capitol, rising with sacred majesty above the woods.

Our boat turned well to windward, and in an hour we landed at the widow Bull's house, which may be considered half-way to Alexandria. Here having quaffed and smoked together under the shade of a spreading locust tree, we once more committed ourselves to the waters of the Potomac.

In approaching Alexandria, we passed a house on our right, in which the Paphian goddess had erected an altar. Some damsels were bathing before the door, who practised every allurements to make us land; but we treated their invitations with the insolence of contempt. Oh! modesty! what charms does a woman lose when she renounces thee.

It was easier landing at Alexandria in America, than Alexandria in Egypt; and I found elegant accommodations at Gadesby's hotel. It is observable that Gadesby keeps the best house of entertainment in the United States.

It was the middle of July when I landed at Alexandria, and the heat was excessive. The acrimony of the bilious humours was consequently excited, and the diarrhoea and dysentery prevailed among the inhabitants; yet the taverns were frequented, for Americans, to preserve health, adopt the Brownian system, of keeping up the excitement.

The splendour of Gadesby's hotel not suiting my finances, I removed to a public house kept by a Dutchman, whose Frow was a curious creature.

To what slight causes does a man owe some of the principal events of his life. I had been a fortnight at Alexandria, when, in consequence of a short advertisement I had put in the gazette, a gentleman was deputed to wait on me from a quaker, on the

banks of the Occoquan, who wanted a tutor for his children. He expressed the earnest desire Mr. Ellicott had to engage me in his family, and lavished his eloquence on the romantic beauties of the river Occoquan, and the stupendous mountains that nodded over its banks.

The following evening I left Alexandria on horseback, to visit the abode of Mr. Ellicott. But I had scarce ridden a couple of miles, when a violent storm of rain overtook me, and I sought shelter in a shop by the way-side.

It was six o'clock before the rain subsided, and I was in suspense whether to return to Alexandria, or prosecute my journey, when my host informed me, that only two miles further lived a very honest farmer, who accommodated travellers with a bed. His name was Violet.

I pursued my journey, but, after riding two miles, instead of reaching the farm of Mr. Violet, my horse stopped before the door of a log-house, built on the brow of a hill. The man of the house was sitting under an awning of dried boughs, smoking in silence his pipe; and his wife occupied a chair by his side, warbling her lyrics over the circling wheel.

The sky now indicated there was no time to be lost. I therefore put spurs to my nag, and departed at a gallop. It was not quite twilight, and my situation brought to my recollection a passage in the poet of nature.

“ The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn.

But I had scarce proceeded a mile when a storm of rain, lightning, and thunder, gave me some solicitude for my night's lodging; I could perceive no house; and the only alternative left, was to scour along the road, while the tempest howled wildly from the woods on both sides.

At length, I descried a light, which I flattered myself blazed from the window of Mr. Violet's house; but instead of dismounting at the portico of a mansion that vied in magnificence with Gadesby's hotel, I found myself before the door of a miserable log-house.

The log-house was not empty. A mulatto girl of seventeen, was sitting in one corner in dalliance with a white youth of about thirty-five, who discovered no confusion at my unexpected entrance. But the olive dulcinea was less confident in her aspect, and played the woman to perfection. One while she endeavoured to conceal her face from view, another, she repulsed the ca-

resses of her lover, and anon she clung to him as if seeking his protection.

After a short stay, I mounted my horse, and no longer interrupted their innocent amour. The tempest was over, a beautiful night succeeded; and the moon with unusual lustre lighted me on my way. As I looked towards the silver orb, I exclaimed in the words of the most pathetic of writers,

"For me! pale eye of evening! thy soft light
Leads to no happy home!"

But I was waked from my musing by the barking of the dogs at Colchester, and having crossed the bridge which is built over the Occoquan, I alighted at the door of Mr. Gordon's tavern.

Having ordered supper, I gazed with rapture on the Occoquan river, which ran close to the house, and, gradually enlarging, emptied itself into the capacious bosom of the Potomac. The fishermen on the shore were hauling their seine, and the sails of a little bark, stemming the waves, were distended by the breeze of night. The sea-boy was lolling over the bow, and the helmsman was warbling a song to his absent fair.

The next day I proceeded to Occoquan; but so steep and craggy was the road, that I found it almost inaccessible. On descending the last hill, I was nearly stunned by the noise of two huge mills, whose roar, without any hyperbolical aggravation, is scarcely inferior to that of the great falls of the Potomac, or the cataract of Niagara. My horse would not advance, and I was myself lost in astonishment.

On crossing a little bridge, I came within view of the settlement, which is romantic beyond conception. A beautiful river rolls its stream along mountains that rise abruptly from its bank, while on the opposite rocky shore, which appears to have been formed by a volcano, are seen two mills enveloped in foam, and here and there a dwelling which has vast masses of stone for its foundation. The eye for some time is arrested by the uncommon scene; but it is soon relieved by a beautiful landscape that bounds the horizon. In a word, all the riches of nature are brought together in this spot, but without confusion.

Mr. Ellicott and his wife received me with an unaffected simplicity of manners, whom I was happy to catch just as they were going to dinner. An exquisite Virginia ham smoked on the board, and two damsels supplied the guests with boiled Indian corn, which they had gathered with their own hands.—Friend Ellicott, uncorrupted by the refinement of modern manners, had put his hat to its right use, for it covered his head. It was to no purpose that I bent my body, and made a hundred grimaces. Mor-

decai would not bow to Hamen, nor would friend Ellicott uncover his head to the Cham of Tartary.

Our agreement was soon made. Quakers are men of few words. Friend Ellicott engaged me to educate his children for a quarter of a year. He wanted them taught reading, writing, and arithmetic. Delightful task! As to Latin, or French, he considered the study of either language an abuse of time; and very calmly desired me not to say another word about it.

CHAP. VI.

Memoir of my Life on the banks of the Occoquan. Description of Occoquan Settlement. Evening at Occoquan, an Ode. Morning at Occoquan, an Ode. A Party of Indians visit Occoquan. Speech of a Warrior. A War-dance, and scene of riotous Intoxication. A Disquisition of the Moral Character of the Indians. Story of Captain Smith and Pocahontas. The Dispute between Buffon and Jefferson on the subject of Beards satisfactorily decided. The Midnight Orgies of the White Man of America dramatized, &c.

Lo! the moon its lustre lends,
Gilding ev'ry wood and lawn;
And the miller's heart distends
On the banks of Occoquan!

IN the Bull-Run Mountains rises a river, which retains the Indian name of Occoquan, and after a course of sixty miles, falls into the Potomac, near the little town of Colchester. In America, there are few or no rivers without falls; and at those of Occoquan, are erected a couple of mills, which by the easy and safe navigation of the Potomac, the richness of the adjacent country, and the healthfulness of the climate, induced the proprietor to project the plan of a city, and invite strangers to build on it; but his visions were never realized, and Occoquan consists only of a house built on a rock, three others on the river-side, and half a dozen log-huts scattered at some distance.

Yet no place can be more romantic than the view of Occoquan to a stranger, after crossing the rustic bridge, which has been constructed by the inhabitants across its stream. He contemplates a river urging its course along mountains that lose themselves among the clouds; he beholds vessels taking on board flour under the foam of the mills, and others deeply laden expand-

ing their sails to the breeze ; while every face wears contentment, every gale wafts health, and echo from the rocks multiplies the voices of the waggoners calling to their teams.

It is pleasant, says Juvenal, to be master of a house, though it stand not on more ground than a lizard would occupy. The school-house at Occoquan was entirely my own. It was a little brick structure, situated about three hundred yards from the house on the rock. The front casements looked upon the Occoquan river, and commanded the variegated prospect of hill and dale.

It is so seldom an author gets a house, that it should excite no wonder if he loves to describe it. Pliny has described his house so minutely in one of his elaborate epistles, that he appears to be putting it up for sale ; and Pope luxuriates in the strain that treats of his thickets being pierced, his grotto entered, his chariot stopped, and his barge boarded ; that posterity may not be ignorant of the extent of his possessions.

I mingled seldom with the people of Occoquan, but, shut up in my profound habitation, sought an oblivion of care in writing, reading, and tobacco. Often when the moonlight slept upon the mountain near my dwelling, have I walked before my door, and gazed in silent rapture on the orb of night, whose beams trembled on the stream that gave motion to the mill ; while the tall bark was seen dancing on the waves at a distance, and the mocking-bird in a saddened strain was heard from the woods. It was during one of these nights, that, recalling the images of the evening, I combined them in an ode :

EVENING AT OCCOQUAN.—AN ODE.

Slow the solemn sun descends,
Ev'ning's eye comes rolling on ;
Glad the weary stranger bends
To the banks of Occoquan !

Now the cricket on the hearth,
Chirping, tells his merry tale ;
Now the owlet ventures forth,
Moping to the sighing gale.

Still the busy mill goes round,
While the miller plies his care ;
And the rocks send back the sound,
Wafted by the balmy air.

Lo ! the moon with lustre bright,
In the stream beholds her face ;
Shedding glory o'er the night,
As she runs her lofty race.

See! the bark along the shore,
Larger to the prospect grow;
While the sea-boy bending o'er,
Chides the talking waves below.

Now the mocking songster's strain
Fills the pauses of her brood;
And her plaints the ear detain,
Echoing from the distant wood.

Hanging o'er the mountain's brow,
Lo! the cattle herbage find;
While in slumber sweet below,
Peaceful rests the village hind.

Now the student seeks his cell,
Nor regrets the day is gone;
But with silence loves to dwell,
On the banks of Occoquan!

I was never one of those who sleep well at night. All hours are of equal value, and the tranquillity of the night invites to study. Hence, I have been frequently compelled to change my lodgings where the good woman of the house was in fear that her curtains might catch fire, and set the dwelling in a blaze.

But the houses in Virginia are not very superb. The people were never under any solicitude for the habitation I occupied; and had it been burnt to the ground, a few boards and a proportionate number of shingles would soon have constructed another. I never yet occupied a house that was not exempt from taxes; it was always valued by the tax-gatherers below a hundred dollars (about 20*l* sterling), and, by an act of Assembly, for a house not worth a hundred dollars there is no tax to pay.

From the platform of my house at Occoquan, there was a subterraneous passage which led to a kind of kitchen. In this underground apartment dwelt Rachel, a negro-woman, who was left a widow with eleven children; but her numerous offspring were all provided for. Mr. Carter, to whom the whole family belonged, had taken upon him this benevolent office; for he had sold one to Mr. A, another to Mr. B, a third to Mr. C, a fourth to Mr. D, and so on, nearly half round the alphabet.

The student who values his health will practise study and exercise alternately. After reading a scene in Hamlet, I took a few strides across the room, and amused myself by repeating a part of his soliloquies. Such, for example, as

"How weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!"

Rachel, who dwelt underneath, marvelled greatly at the noise. Her penetration made her immediately conclude, that I was bu-

sied in praying; and in the morning my character was established for religion. "Ah!" said the old woman to her gaping auditors; "they may talk of this parson, or that parson, or the other parson, but our new coolmossa beats them all by a heap. Why 'tis as true as the mill is now going round, that he walks up and down, and prays the whole night long!"

Rachel, without carrying about her the mockery of woe, mourned very sensibly her husband. Let my page record the words of her affliction.

"I was reared at Port Tobacco. A heap of likely young fellows courted me, but I refused them all for the head coachman of counsellor Carter. He was a good husband; he made me the mother of eleven children. Woe to Rachel when he died. Oh! how I clap my hands and cry! but he's gone to the great Jehovah. I shall never forget it; 'twas at the pulling of corn-time. The poor creature was a little out of his head. He asked me if the corn was in tassel. In tassel, says I! God help you, you had some yesterday for dinner. But he changed the discourse, and he talked of the hymn-book, and parson Wems, and Powheek church. It was as good as any sarment! Dear sweet honey! He was a friend to the gospel; he loved the Church of England, and nobody can say they ever saw him go to the Quaker-meeting. Alack! Alack! My poor husband died the next morning; I knew his time was come; the whip-poor-will cried all night by the house, and I could not drive him away. God help us! Die come in every part of the world; Virginia, Maryland: black man! white man! all one day or another get their mouth full of yellow clay!"

Occoquan scarcely supplied more literature than Ovid's place of banishment on the black sea. But at Clearmount, near Fauquier court-house, lived a French gentleman of the name of Gerardine, whose reputation for the belles lettres, induced me to write to him from my solitude. I chose the French language for the vehicle of my thoughts, and enclosed in the letter the little book of poems I had published at New-York. The answer of Mr. Gerardine discovers an elegant mind.

"Monsieur,

"Dans cette solitude ou les muses se font si rarement entendre, vous concevrez aisément que l'envoi de vos jolis poemes a du exciter à la fois la surprize et le plaisir. Je compare votre present inattendu à un joli parterre dans un desert inculte et sauvage, dont l'email se seroit offert continuellement à ma vue.

"Continuez, Monsieur, à caresser les muses avec Horace et Anacreon; le tems reprendra ses ailes, vos heures en couleront

plus doucement, et vous ajouterez de nouvelles fleurs à la guirlande poétique dont vous êtes déjà couronnée. Ovide chantoit encore sur les bords lointains où la tyrannie d'Auguste l'avoit enchaîné, et vous avez célébré Coosohatchie.

“ Je me suis fait un devoir de répondre à votre lettre obligeante dans une langue que vous écrivez si bien, et que sans l'envoi de ce que vous appelez trop modestement vos bagatelles, je vous eusse assurément pris pour un de mes compatriotes.

“ J'ai l'honneur d'être, Monsieur,

“ Votre très obéissant, très humble Serviteur,

“ C. GERARDINE.”

It was now I felt the bliss of having an enlightened friend to whom I could pour out my soul on paper, and enjoy the intercourse of spirit without the mediation of an earthly frame. My friendship with Mr. George was still unimpaired, and I consider it no small felicity that I have been able to preserve so many of his letters amidst the casualties to which the life of a wanderer is subject. The gloom of my solitude at Occoquan, was cheered by the sincerity of his friendship.

“ An epistle from Ovid among the *Getæ* to his friend at Rome, could not have imparted half the delight that your letter from Occoquan has given the companion of your adversity at New York. I had long expected a missive from ‘the city in the woods*,’ and could only ascribe your silence to the distraction of business in your new office of secretary’s secretary; when suddenly is brought me a letter, dated at a place, which, however acute my researches into the geography of America, I never heard mentioned before. I thank you for the ode you did me the favour to enclose, it is an happy imitation of Cunningham’s manner; but the images are more pleasing, from having the grace of novelty to recommend them. Nor should I neglect to observe how much you have shewn your skill in making the word Occoquan the burden of your exordial and concluding stanzas; a practice never to be dispensed with in local poetry, as, without it, the poem would have no particular application, were the title to be lost.

“ Occoquan, from your description of it, must be a delightful spot, and in prophetic language I would declare, that your abode on the banks of that river will make the stream classical in the annals of literary history.

“ Let us continue, without failure, to write to each other. It will give life to our friendship, and soften the rigours of existence. Whatever we write, must partake much of the spirit of the places in which we live; but sentiments may arise from solitary reflec-

* Washington.

tion, which the multitudinous (a word you taught me) uproar of a city would rather suppress than excite."

They who delight in walking, must, during the summer in Virginia, embrace the night. The fierceness of the sun would suspend the steps of the hardest traveller; but amidst the freshness of the night, he breathes only odours in journeying through the woods.

No walk could be more delightful than that from Occoquan to Colchester, when the moon was above the mountains. You traverse the bank of a placid stream over which impend rocks, in some places bare, but more frequently covered with an odoriferous plant that regales the traveller with its fragrance.

So serpentine is the course of the river, that the mountains, which rise from its bank, may be said to form an amphitheatre; and nature seems to have designed the spot for the haunt only of fairies: for here grow flowers of purple dye, and here the snake throws her enamelled skin. But into what regions, however apparently inaccessible, has not adventurous man penetrated? The awful repose of the night is disturbed by the clack of two huge mills, which drown the song and echoes of the mocking-bird, who nightly tells his sorrows to the listening moon.

After clambering over mountains almost inaccessible to human toil, you come to the junction of the Occoquan with the noble river of the Potomac. Having slept one night at a house on its banks, I rose with the sun, and journeyed leisurely to the mills, catching refreshment from a light air that stirred the leaves of the trees. The morning was beautiful, and my walk produced a little ode, which will serve as a counterpart to that I have already inserted.

MORNING AT OCCOQUAN.—AN ODE.

IN the barn the cock proclaims
That the East is streak'd with gold;
Strutting round the feather'd dames,
Who the light with joy behold.

Sweet! Oh! sweet the breath of morn!
Sweet the mocking-songster's strain;
Where the waving stalks of corn
Bend beneath the ripen'd grain.

Lo! the martins now forsake,
For awhile their tender brood;
And the swallow skims the lake,
Each in search of winged food.

See the cottage chimneys smoke,
See the distant turrets gleam;
Lo! the farmer to the yoke,
Pairs his meek submissive team.

Here no negro tills the ground,
Trembling, weeping, woeful-wan;
Liberty is ever found,
On the banks of Occoquan!

On the north bank of the Occoquan is a pile of stones, which indicates that an Indian warrior is interred underneath. The Indians from the back settlements, in travelling to the northward, never fail to leave the main road, and visit the grave of their departed hero. If a stone be thrown down, they religiously restore it to the pile; and, sitting round the rude monument, they meditate profoundly; catching, perhaps, a local emotion from the place.

A party of Indians, while I was at Occoquan, turned from the common road into the woods, to visit this grave on the bank of the river.

The party was composed of an elderly chief, twelve young war captains, and a couple of squaws. Of the women, the youngest was an interesting girl of seventeen; remarkably well shaped, and possessed of a profusion of hair, which in colour was raven black. She appeared such another object as the mind images Pocahontas to have been. The people of Occoquan, with more curiosity than breeding, assembled round the party; but they appeared to be wholly indifferent to their gaze; the men amused themselves by chopping the ground with their tomahawks, and the women were busied in making a garment for the chief.

Among the whites was a young man of gigantic stature; he was, perhaps, a head taller than any of the rest of the company. The old Indian could not but remark the lofty stature of the man; he seemed to eye him involuntarily; and, at length, rising from the ground, he went up to the giant stranger, and shook him by the hand. This raised a loud laugh from all the lookers-on; but the Indians still maintained an inflexible gravity.

When I saw the squaws a second time, they were just come from their toilet. Woman throughout the world delights ever in finery; the great art is to suit the colours to the complexion.

The youngest girl would have attracted notice in any circle of Europe. She had fastened to her long dark hair a profusion of ribbons, which the bounty of the people of Occoquan had heaped upon her; and, the tresses of this Indian beauty, which before

had been confined round her head, now rioted luxuriantly down her shoulders and back. The adjustment of her dress one would have thought she had learned from some English female of fashion; for she had left it so open before, that the most inattentive eye could not but discover the rise and fall of a bosom just beginning to fill.

The covering of this young woman's feet rivetted the eye of the stranger with its novelty and splendour. Nothing could be more delicate than her mocassins. They were each of them formed of a single piece of leather, having the seams ornamented with beads and porcupine quills; while a string of scarlet ribbon confined the mocassin round the instep, and made every other part of it sit close to the foot. The mocassin was of a bright yellow, and made from the skin of a deer, which had been killed by the arrow of one of the Indian youths.

About eight miles from the Occoquan mills is a house of worship, called Powheek church; a name it derives from a run* that flows near its walls. Hither I rode on Sundays and joined the congregation of parson Wems, a minister of the episcopal persuasion, who was cheerful in his mien, that he might win men to religion.

A Virginian church-yard on a Sunday, resembles rather a race ground than a sepulchral ground; the ladies come to it in carriages, and the men, after dismounting from their horses, make them fast to the trees. But the steeples to the Virginian churches were designed not for utility, but ornament; for the bell is always suspended to a tree a few yards from the church. It is also observable, that the gate to the church-yard is ever carefully locked by the sexton, who retires last; so that had Hervey and Gray been born in America, the preacher of peace could not have indulged in his meditations among the tombs; nor the poet produced the elegy that has secured him immortality.

Wonder and ignorance are ever reciprocal. I was confounded on first entering the church-yard at Powheek to hear

"Steed threaten steed with high and boastful neigh."

Nor was I less stunned with the rattling of carriage-wheels, the cracking of whips, and the vociferations of the gentlemen to the negroes who accompanied them. But the discourse of parson Wems calmed every perturbation; for he preached the great doctrines of salvation, as one who had experienced their power. It was easy to discover that he felt what he said; and indeed so uniform was his piety, that he might have applied to himself the

* A Run is the American for a rivulet.

words of the prophet: "My mouth shall be telling of the righteousness and salvation of Christ all the day long; for I know no end thereof."

Of the congregation at Powheek church, about one half was composed of white people, and the other of negroes. Among many of the negroes were to be discovered the most satisfying evidences of sincere piety; an artless simplicity; and an earnest endeavour to know and to do the will of God. After church I made my salutations to parson Wems, and having turned the discourse to divine worship, I asked him his opinion of the piety of the blacks. "Sir," said he, "no people in this country prize the sabbath more seriously than the trampled-upon negroes. They are swift to hear; they seem to hear as for their lives. They are wakeful, serious, reverent, and attentive; and gladly embrace opportunities of hearing the Scriptures.

I had been three months at Occoquan, when I so often caught myself stretching, yawning, and exhibiting other symptoms of ennui, in my chair, that I began to be of opinion it was time to change my residence. My condition was growing irksome. There was no light airy vision of a female disciple with expressive dark eyes to consider my instructions oracular; but I was surrounded by a throng of oafs, who read their lessons with the same tone that Punch makes when he squeaks through a comb.

I therefore resigned my place to an old drunken Irishman of the name of Burbridge, who was travelling the country on foot in search of an academy; and whom friend Ellicott made no scruple to engage, though, when the fellow addressed him, he was so drunk that he could with difficulty stand on his legs.

I remonstrated with friend Ellicott on the impropriety of employing a sot to educate his children. "Friend," said he, "of all the school-masters I ever employed, none taught my children to write so good a hand as a man who was constantly in a state that bordered on intoxication. They learned more of him in one month, than of any other in a quarter. I will make trial of Burbridge."

CHAP. IX.

Return from Occoquan to New-York. Visit to Mr. George on Long Island. Meditations among the Tombs. I go to Baltimore. An exchange of Letters with the Vice-President. A Walk to Washington. Congress assembled. Debates. Politeness of the Vice-President. A Journey on Foot into Virginia by the Great Falls of the Potomac. Get benighted. A hospitable Reception at a Log-house in the Woods. A Cast-away Sailor restored to the bosom of his Family. The Story of Jack Strangeways.

IT was not without emotion that I quitted the banks of the Occoquan; those banks on which I had passed so many tranquil hours in study and meditation. I was about to exchange the quiet of solitude for the tumult of the world; and was posting I knew not whither, without any object to my journeying.

I pass over the common occurrences of the road to Washington; the contributions levied on my purse by the landlords of Alexandria, and those of the imperial city; but at Baltimore an accident happened, which I have still, under every combination of circumstance, in my memory's eye.

I had left Peck's tavern in the stage-coach at a very early hour of the morning, when before we had proceeded half way down Market-street, one of the fore-wheels came off. The driver, on whose presence of mind the safety of the passengers depended, deserted his post in the moment of danger, and leaped from his seat. The horses being without any check, accelerated their pace, and I can only compare their speed to the rapidity of lightning. This was an awful moment. I expected every moment to be dashed in pieces; and determined to make one effort for my life, I leaped from the carriage into the street; an example that was soon followed by two other passengers. In my eagerness to clear the wheels, I leaped further than was necessary, and received a bruise in my forehead: but one of the other passengers was mangled by the flints in the road.

On looking up I could perceive nothing but a flame before me, produced by the horses whose shoes struck fire as they flew; I followed the carriage with the third passenger, who had escaped unhurt, solicitous to know the fate of a sailor and a boy whom we had left in the coach. We overtook it at Chinquopin-hill, where the horses in their ascent had slackened their pace; and

found the sailor and the boy holding the panting cattle by the reins. I congratulated them on their escape, but when I asked the sailor, Why he had not jumped from the carriage? "Avast there," said the tar, "more people are lost by taking to the boat, than sticking by the wreck; I always stick to the wreck!"

A fresh coach and horses conveyed us to Chester, where I supped with Monsieur Pichon, ambassador from France to America; and the next morning arrived at Philadelphia to breakfast.

I sojourned a week at Philadelphia, collecting what money was due to me for the sale of my novel.

From Philadelphia I travelled to New-York, partly by water, and partly by land. In the passage-boat to Burlington was a sweet girl of seventeen, whose voice was music; and who observed that the Pennsylvania shore of the Delaware, was much more pleasant than the Jersey side.

We got to Burlington a little before the going down of the sun. It is built on the Delaware. A fellow-passenger was going to Canada, and was accompanied on the road with two waggons loaded with bale goods.

From Amboy, which terminated our land travelling, we embarked for New York, where I found a kind reception at the house of Major Howe. The next day I hastened on the wings of friendship to Mr. George, who was still employed on Long Island in his sublime academy.

I found him walking and meditating near the Dutch church. He received me with transports. We repaired to his house, where I recounted to him my adventures; but he was impatient of my recital, and eagerly changed the subject to Homer, whose Iliad he made his manual. Nor did he forget to inquire if I had multiplied my wealth by school-keeping at Occoquan; rightly reflecting, that the man who wants money, wants every thing.

My friend did not hear a word that I answered. He sat studious and abstracted. You have approved, said he, my elegy over the grave of a stranger in the woods of Owendaw. I have made an epitaph on a similar subject.

" Like a tree in a valley unknown,
In a region of strangers I fell;
No bosom my fate to bemoan,
No friend my sad story to tell."

I did not fail to visit my old friends on Long Island. Parson Vandyke was afflicted with the jaundice, but his wife was still as notable and narrative as ever. Farmer Titus had lost none of his accustomed hospitality; nor was farmer Moore less kind to the stranger within his gates. Mr. Remsen continued to regale

his guests with Madeira, and his sons were increasing their ideas under the tuition of my literary friend. Nor were the daughters of these worthy people less lovely, or less amiable. Joy be to Newtown; joy to its rosy damsels; and may heaven preserve their charms from decay!

I remained a week on Long Island, enjoying a renovation of intellectual felicity with Mr. George, when impatient of being without any determined pursuit, I again departed for the southward. It was Sept. 21, 1801; a day I shall ever remember in the annals of my life, as it was a day of separation from a more than fraternal friend, whom I have never since seen.

I embarked in the passage-boat for Amboy, from whence I travelled in the stage-coach to Burlington, with a sea-faring man, and an Indian trader.

Resuming our journey, a few miles brought us to Penhausen-creek, remarkable for its circular form, and transparent stream; and a little beyond it we stopped at a public-house, where a very pretty lively young woman was rocking her babe to sleep. Our journey was now soon terminated, for in another hour we reached the Jersey bank of the Delaware, and were conducted in a large boat across the river to Philadelphia, where I separated without regret from my ruffian companions. I was received into the house of Madame de Florian, in whose company I wanted no domestic entertainment.

The name of Madame de Florian announces her to be a French woman. She lived in North third-street, with her two daughters, of whom one was between seventeen and eighteen, the other, three years younger, and a son of five. My introduction to this family was curious.

At Fouquet's gardens, rambling one afternoon in the shade, puffing volcanoes of smoke from my segar, and indulging the most splendid reveries; I suddenly came upon Madame de Florian and her two daughters, who were drinking peaceably their coffee in one of the alcoves, while the little boy was fondling a lap-dog on the grass.

The spectacle of this interesting groupe suspended my steps, which being observed by the child, the little rogue danced towards me, and insisted upon having my segar.

The mother and sisters rebuked the child, but I instantly delivered my segar to him, and bowing, was about to pursue my ramble round the gardens, when Madame de Florian, with that grace of manner so peculiar to a French woman, accosted me with "*Peut etre, Monsieur nous fera l'honneur de prendre une tasse de cafe?*"

I bowed my acquiescence, and seated myself next the eldest daughter, who welcomed my approach with a smile of enchantment. And now all that I had read of a Mahometan paradise rushed into my mind. The garden of Monsieur Fouquet was the blissful region, and Mademoiselle de Florian the *houri*.

It is to Mademoiselle de Florian and a few other of her countrywomen, that the young ladies of Philadelphia owe their present graceful mien. The revolution in France produced a revolution in the walk of the Philadelphia damsels. Formerly the American ladies did not sacrifice to elegance in their walk; or, more properly speaking, they were without a model to form themselves upon. But when the revolution drove so many of the Gallic damsels to the banks of the Delaware, the American girls blushed at their own awkwardness; and each strove to copy that swimming air, that nonchalance, that ease and apparent unconsciousness of being observed, which characterized the French young ladies as they passed through the streets. Men and women ran to their windows and involuntarily exclaimed—Look at that girl! How beautifully she walks! An American girl commonly throws me into a fit of profound thought, a French girl, on the contrary, banishes all abstraction from my thoughts.

I accompanied Madame de Florian and her family home; nor did I discover without secret rapture, that this lady took boarders. She confined her number to two; there was nobody now in the house but one old gentleman, for a young officer who had lately occupied *une chambre garnie*, was gone to Saint Domingo. There was consequently space left for another, but how to get possession of this enviable spot without an introduction was the rub. At length, the present lodger made his appearance in the shape of Monsieur Lartigue,—whom I had accompanied once from Philadelphia to Charleston in the packet.

I desired Mons. Lartigue to introduce me to Madame de Florian and her daughters; their countenances brightened, my proposal of becoming a lodger was accepted with, “You do us honour!” and when the porter brought my trunks, I heard Adelaide direct him what room to carry them into, with a kind of Saint-Preuxish emotion.

Month of happiness that I passed under the same roof with Adelaide de Florian! Happiness never to return beneath the cloudy sky that now frowns on me as I look towards it.

At the Indian Queen in Fifth street, (every sign in the United States, is either an Indian queen, or a spread eagle), I sometimes lounged away an hour with some young men from Charleston, “Where do you board,” they all asked me,—With a French

lady.—“Some Creole, I suppose.—Why not take your quarters up here? I hate French customs. They never drink tea unless they are sick.”

And what were the customs of these young gentlemen who plumed themselves upon their knowledge of mankind, and their travelled air? When not engaged with eating, they were sitting in the street before the door of the Indian queen, drinking punch cooled with ice, and obscured in volumes of tobacco-smoke. It is true, their discourse did not turn on bullocks. But they were either laughing over their nocturnal adventures in Mulatto-alley, at Charleston; or recommending to each other the different brothels at Philadelphia. Nor was the stream of their conversation ever diverted, unless some young lady (who, finding the pavement blockaded by their chairs, was compelled to walk in the carriage-road), called forth the exclamation of “That’s a fine girl! So is that coming up the street now. There are no snakes if Philadelphia does not beat Charleston hollow! See there again, at the tailor’s window. Harry! I’ll go over and get measured for a coat to-morrow.”

Not being able to obtain any employment at Philadelphia, I thought it best to embark for Baltimore, and I took my passage in the Newcastle packet. The wind was fair, the sky serene, the water smooth, and we passed Chester and Wilmington with great rapidity.

A good dinner on board the packet, and the conversation of a motley groupe, enlivened my spirits; and I provoked the laughter of the master of a ship lying at Newcastle, whose fore-top sail was loose, and whose destination was London. How my heart danced at the sound of that name! How my fancy conjured up the Thames, and the spires of the city to my view! How delectably did I behold myself seated in the bosom of my friends, and how appalled was I when these illusions vanished, and I perceived before me the shores of Pennsylvania and New-Jersey!

We landed at Newcastle, and were bounded in two coaches to French-town, which is a journey of sixteen miles. We stopped to bait our cattle at Glasgow, and at French-town found a surly landlord, and sorry accommodations. Our number was sixteen; and for sixteen passengers there were only six beds; hence the large beds lodged three, and the small beds two passengers. For my part, there being a good fire, I proposed to sit up all night and make an Indian file with our feet to the fender; but sleep overcame me, and I retired to bed. It is not unworthy of remark, that the landlord would not suffer cards to be played in his house; and that the negro-girl, who waited at supper, wear-

ing a man's hat ; a Quaker in company aspired to be witty by calling her Cæsar.

The following morning we all embarked again for Baltimore; and on the passage an American diverted the company by producing a favourite cat that he had taken from the landlord, (who had refused him a pack of cards) and making the poor animal eat a yard or more of tobacco. His method was ingenious. He placed the cat over a chair, and confining forcibly her feet, untwisted a roll of tobacco; the cat in the agony of pain snapped at any thing that was offered her, and the mountebank traveller ministered his tobacco.

We dined again on the water. Among the passengers was a pretty, modest, blushing maiden of fifteen, whose manners were not inelegant; but it is somewhat curious that whenever she wanted the salt, or mustard, she begged some one to shove it to her.

Pool's Island is half-way to Baltimore, which we passed about noon: but in the evening we got round Fell's Point, and at eight secured our vessel at Bowly's wharf; having Federal-hill on our opposite side.

The true use of speech, is not to express our wants, but to conceal them; and in conformity with this maxim, I kept it a profound secret on my landing at Baltimore, that I had very little money left in my pocket. I accompanied with affected gaiety a young fellow to the city of Strasburgh, who told me he always lodged there, and extolled the house for its convenience, and the landlord for his civility.

Mr. Wyant received us with a smile of welcome, and supper being ready, ushered us into a room, where twenty guests were sitting at table, who appeared to be mutes; for no man uttered a syllable, but each seemed by his looks to have just come out from the cave of Trophonius.

I had advertised in the Baltimore paper for the place of domestic tutor, and one morning, while I was standing before the door of the City of Strasburgh, the bar-keeper brought me a note very carefully sealed. I eagerly took it from his hand impressed with an idea that it was sent me by some opulent merchant who wanted an instructor for his children; when on opening the note, it produced what Rabelais calls the most gloomy of all moments, the payment of a landlord's reckoning.

"Sir,—According to the custom of the house, Mr. Wyant has requested me to send in your bill.—To eight days board, at 9s. 4d.—3l. 14s. 8d.

"I am, for Mr. Wyant,

John Kellen."

I had been informed that Mr. Burr was at the Federal city, forty-three miles from Baltimore. I wrote to him by the post, and the next mail brought me an answer. Mr. Burr required of me an estimate of the expenses of my late travels, which he proposed immediately to reimburse.

I retired to my room, and computed my unavoidable expenses on the road, from the day I crossed the Hudson, till I descended the treasury stairs at the imperial city. The answer of the vice-president will show, that he did not think himself overcharged.

Dear Sir,—You men of letters are the worst calculators in the world. I am persuaded I only discharge a just debt, when I enclose double your amount.

Accept the assurances of my regard,

AARON BURR.

At this letter my pride took alarm. It produced from me an answer, and a restitution of half the bills.

Being proffered a situation in a part of Virginia I had not visited, and having it in my power to journey at my leisure by the friendship of the vice-president, I departed without regret from Baltimore, on foot and alone.

It was the latter part of March when I left the once flourishing town of Baltimore, and again directed my steps towards the imperial city.

I arrived at Elk-Ridge landing, where I supped at a genteel tavern with the hostess and her sister, who are remarkable for the elegance of their manners. I found the "Old Manor-house" of Charlotte Smith lying on the table, of which the concluding part seemed to have been well read.

The next day I resumed my walk; refreshing myself at Spurrier's, dining at Dent's, and sleeping at Drummond's, three public-houses on the road which the traveller passes in succession.

The next morning proceeding forward, I reached Bladensburgh before the going down of the sun; and at night-fall to my great satisfaction I entered the imperial city.

Congress was assembled at Washington, and I was constant in my attendance on the Senate and the House of Representatives. The senate chamber is by far the most superb room in the capitol, but the house of representatives is a detached and temporary building. Yet, I loved best to visit the house of representatives; there seemed to be so much energy and freedom of debate. It is unknown I presume to few of my readers that the Vice-president of the United States is President of the senate. Mr. Burr was presiding in the chair, and no man knew better the routine of the house, or how to acquit himself with more dignity than he.

I watched an opportunity to make the vice-president my salutations as he came out of the Capitol. I remembered the advice which old Polonius gave his son when he was about to travel, and I was then travelling myself.—

“The friends thou hast, and their adoption try’d,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.”

The vice-president demonstrated no little pleasure to see me, and his chariot being at the steps of the Capitol, he took me home with him to dine. I forget how many members of congress were present at the dinner; but, though republicans, I did not think they had all an equal voice, for some spoke much louder than others.

The most eloquent in debate was Mr. Randolph. He spoke full an hour for the repeal of the tax on domestic distilled liquors; that is, whiskey, and peach and apple brandy. At the conclusion of the debate the speaker very solemnly exclaimed—“They who are for the repeal are to say aye! and they who are against it are to say no.” The affirmative monosyllable immediately resounded from every quarter of the building. Aye! Aye! Aye! followed in rapid succession; upon which the speaker with much gravity proclaimed, “The ayes have it! The bill has passed!”

Having amused myself a few days at the imperial city, I rose with the sun, and pursued my journey along the banks of the Potomac. About nine in the morning I reached the bridge at the Little Falls.

Near the bridge at the Little Falls my journey was suspended by the rain, and I found a reception in the tavern of Mr. Slimner, a German, who at the age of threescore was smitten by a young English woman, whom he had taken for his wife, and who had brought him a child.

The rain not remitting its violence, I was obliged to pass the night under the roof of this fond couple, whom I, however, left at an early hour the next morning to prosecute my journey; purposing to take the more circuitous road of the Great Falls of the Potomac.

About noon I reached the cross roads, and taking to the right, I could every minute hear more distinctly the roar of the Great Falls. At length I came to a spacious stream called “Difficult Run;” an appellation derived from the difficulty in crossing it. But no place could be more romantic.

I was in suspense whether to ford this run, or wait for a guide on its bank, when I descried two boys on the opposite shore who obeyed my call with alacrity; leaping from rock to rock, till they reached the spot where I stood. With the assistance of a

pole they conducted me to the opposite bank, where I learned that one of my young guides was called Basil Hurdle, and the other Jack Miller.

I beheld the course of a large river abruptly obstructed by rocks, over which it was breaking with a tremendous roar; while the foam of the water seemed ascending to the clouds, and the shores that confined it to tremble at the convulsion. I gazed for some time in silent awe at this war of elements, when having recovered from my admiration, I could not help exclaiming to the Great Maker of heaven and of earth, "Lord! What is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man, that thou regardest him!"

A little below the Falls, on the bank of the Potomac, stand a few scattered buildings, which form a kind of hamlet called Charlotteville. The first settler in this savage wilderness was the lady of General Lee, from whose Christian name the place takes its appellation.

At a house of entertainment kept by widow Myers, I was accommodated with a supper and a bed. This buxom widow was by persuasion a methodist, and possessed of considerable property.

On leaving the Great Falls of the Potomac, I was followed by a dog, whose attendance I rather encouraged than repulsed. I was tired of travelling alone, and I wanted a companion. An European who has confined his travels to his own country, can have but a very imperfect idea of the forest scenery of America. I never remember to have felt a more perfect exemption from care than in my journey from the Potomac Falls. I rioted in health, and I walked forward "*oblitus meorum et obliviscendus ab illis*." I embraced the universe as my country, and it was wholly indifferent to me where I terminated my pilgrimage; for whether I ended my days in the wilds of the Potomac, or the close of Salisbury, "the earth and its bands would have been about me for ever."

I ate my dinner in a log-house on the road. It was kept by a small planter of the name of Homer. Such a tavern would have raised the thunder and lightning of anger in some of my brother-travellers. But in a country where every private-house is a temple of hospitality, and open alike to travellers of every description, ought it to excite surprise that so few good taverns are to be found.

Leaving the hut of Mr. Homer, I walked vigorously forwards indulging the hope I should get to Frying-Pan before night. But before dusk, I found myself bewildered in the woods, whose so-

litude was rendered more melancholy from the cry of the owl. I had given myself up for lost, and was taking a flint from my pocket to kindle a fire, and pass the night under a tree, when the sound of the axe chopping wood rejoiced my hearing. Not more delightful was sleep ever to the weary, or water to the thirsty, than the sound to my ear.

Guided by the noise of the axe, I got to a tobacco plantation; but I had scarce leaped the fence when a couple of huge dogs assailed me, barking, advancing and retreating, all in a breath. Now, thought I, if these curs were to devour me, what an ignominious death would terminate my pilgrimage on earth. Fear is not only an ignoble, but dangerous passion; and had I turned and endeavoured to escape from these blood-hounds, it is a hundred to one but I had been seized in that part where honour is said to be lodged.

I, therefore, stood my ground, and called lustily to the house. My cry was not unheard; the door was opened, and a lad advanced with a light, which he had fixed in a calabash.

The way, my friend, if you please, to Frying-Pan.

"Frying-Pan! 'Tis a difficult road, Sir, in the dark. You must keep along the worm-fence, (i. e. crooked), till you come to a barn. You must then take the path that leads into the woods, till you come to the track of the wheel; then cross right over into the next wood."

My friend, will you favour me with a glass of water. This was answered by a hearty invitation into the house.

On entering the log-house, I found a man sitting with his wife and five children, before a blazing fire of wood. Hospitality is the prominent feature in the character of a Virginian; and I had a presentiment that I was housed for the night. When I had drunk my water, which tasted the more delicious, from being administered to me by a fine girl of seventeen, I rose to depart; but the man of the house accosted me, saying, "Be content, I pray you, and tarry here all night; the day is grown to an end: to-morrow I will send my son to put you in the way."

The children now considered me as one of the family, and, moving their chairs, made room for me to come within their circle.

Supper (that is tea) was now got ready; nor was it without a grateful emotion that I beheld the mother of this worthy family unlock her Sunday cupboard, and hand her eldest daughter part of a loaf of sugar to break for the repast.

Wilmot, the eldest son, now departed. I discovered afterwards, that he was courting the daughter of Mr. Strangeways' neighbour,

whom he never failed to visit after the labour of the day. It was plain he was a lover, by the care he took in adorning his person.

After supper we again drew round the fire.—I had for some time perceived an unusual blaze in the chimney; but supposing it to come from an oven, I said not a word. At length the good woman exclaimed, The plague! there's our chimney on fire again. We must pull down the rubbish, or we shall get no peace.

Mr. Strangeways now rose with great composure, and seizing a large staff, went out to the back of the chimney, where he raked away the rubbish; while Mary, catching up a gourd, filled it thrice with water, and helped to extinguish the conflagration.

As the night advanced, I could not but meditate upon the place my worthy host designed for my repose. I formed a hundred conjectures, he surely would not cherish me in the bosom of his numerous family? And yet I could perceive only one room in the house.

There were three beds in the room. Of these I discovered that the back one belonged to the two eldest girls; for while Mr. Strangeways, his wife, and I were yawning in concert over the fire, I perceived Mary, from the corner of my eye, steal softly to her nest, and slip in under the clothes; an example that was quickly followed by Eliza, who, with equal archness, crept in by her side.

At length Mr. Strangeways asked me if I was willing to go to bed, and, upon my replying in the affirmative, he fetched a ladder from an out-house into the room, and having placed it against the wall, he ascended a few steps, and opened a trap-door in the rafters, which I had not perceived led to a cock-loft.

Did you ever mount a ship's ladder, said Mr. Strangeways?

I replied, that I had a thousand.

Then, said he, be kind enough to follow me.

I followed, without betraying the least emotion of surprise; none but a rustic would have uttered an exclamation at the novelty of the stair-case. I found a decent bed in the room appropriated to my reception; and when Mr. Strangeways had opened and closed the shutter of the window; the worthy man bade me a good night, and left me to my repose. I soon fell asleep.

I rose the next morning with the sun, and descended my ladder. The family were all stirring. The father and sons were at the plough, the mother was getting ready breakfast, and the two girls were at their spinning-wheels. The sound of these instruments was not quite so harmonious as that of a piano; but I know not whether a woodland nymph giving rapid motion to her spinning-wheel, be not a more captivating object than a haughty

town-dame running her fingers disdainfully over the keys of a harpsichord.

The morning was ushered in with rain, which continued throughout the day. I therefore continued housed, and opposed but feebly Mr. Strangeways' invitation to tarry another night under his roof. I passed the day in talking with Mary.

We had breakfasted next morning, and the old man had gone to cultivate his tobacco, when I rose to go. The mother and Mary were the only tenants of the log-house. I wish, said the worthy woman, that my son was here. The gentleman will never find his way out of the woods. My daughter, put on your bonnet, and shew the gentleman the way to the main-road. Mary rose with alacrity, she slipped on her bonnet; and, having taken a parting look at the glass, conducted me through the plantation. I gave the little wood-nymph my arm, and we walked forward together. The mocking-bird was singing; his song never appeared to me so sweet before.

At length, after walking half a mile, we emerged from the wood, and reached the track of the wheel. And now Mary, said I, farewell. And let my advice go with you. Confide not for ornament in the rings that hang to thy ears, but in the virtue that dwells in thy bosom. For when thou art deceived, though thou clothest thyself in crimson, though thou deckest thee with the ornaments of gold, though thou rentest thy face with painting, in vain shalt thou be fair.

After walking a mile and a half, I met a boy sauntering along, and whistling, probably, for want of thought. How far, my boy, said I, is it to Frying-Pan? You be in the Pan now, replied the oaf. I be, be I, said I. Very well.

Frying-Pan is composed of four log-huts and a meeting-house. It took its name from a curious circumstance. Some Indians having encamped on the run, missed their frying-pan in the morning, and hence the name was conferred on the place.

I did not deign to stop at Frying-Pan, but prosecuted my walk to the next hamlet; where in the piazza of Mr. Thornton's tavern, I found a party of gentlemen from the neighbouring plantations carousing over a bowl of toddy, and smoking segars. No people could exceed these men in politeness. On my ascending the steps to the piazza every countenance seemed to say, This man has a double claim to our attention; for he is a stranger in the place. A gentleman is in every country the same.

My pilgrimage was now nearly at an end; for Mr. Ball's plantation was only distant eight miles.

CHAP. X.

Memoir of my Life in the Woods of Virginia. Reception at Pohoke. An old Field-School. A Fair Disciple. Evening Scene on a Plantation. Story of Dick the Negro, &c. &c.

THE rugged and dreary road from the last hamlet to Newmarket in Prince William county, is bordered by gloomy woods, where the natives of the State cultivate on their plantations Indian corn, wheat, tobacco, and rye.

Having come to Bull-Run, I stopped at a kind of waggoner's tavern on its border, to inquire the way to the plantation. Old Flowers, the landlord, reeled out of his log-hut, but was too much intoxicated to make a coherent reply; so, giving my steed his head, I was all passive to his motions, till overtaking an old negro-man, I demanded the road to Mr. Ball's. The old negro was clad in rags, if rags can be called clothing; he was a squalid figure of sixty, and halted as he walked; he was grunting somewhat in the manner of an old hog at an approaching shower of rain; and he carried a hickory stick in his right hand, with which he was driving the cattle home from pasture.

The conversation of the negro held me engaged till we got to the plantation; I then gave him my horse, and walked through the garden to the house.

Mr. Ball received me with undissembled accents of joy; he said he had long expected my coming, and was gratified at last. A nod to a mulatto boy placed refreshments on the side-board, and in a few minutes the family assembled to take a peep at the schoolmaster.

The first impression made by Mr. Ball, decided that he was a gentleman; and I was not a little delighted with the suavity of his manners, and elegance of his conversation.

When the children withdrew, I entered on the terms of my proposed engagement, and presented to him a letter which I had been honoured with from Mr. Jefferson. I knew my host to be a Virginian who favoured the administration, and thought a letter from the President would operate upon him like witchcraft. But I was unacquainted with my man. Mr. Ball was not to be biassed by the whistling of a name; he read my letter more from complaisance than any motive of curiosity; observed, that a man's conduct could alone decide his character; congratulated himself upon the acquisition of a man of letters in his family; and offered to engage me for a twelvemonth, at a salary of a hun-

dred guineas. I acknowledged the honour he did me, and engaged with him for a quarter of a year.

The following day every farmer came from the neighbourhood to the house, who had any children to send to my academy, for such they did me the honour to term the log-hut in which I was to teach. Each man brought his son or his daughter, and no price was too great for the services I was to render their children.

I now opened what some called an academy*, and others an Old Field school; and, however it may be thought that content was never felt within the walls of a seminary, I, for my part, experienced an exemption from care, and was not such a fool as to measure the happiness of my condition by what others thought of it.

It was pleasurable to behold my pupils enter the school over which I presided; for they were not composed only of truant boys, but some of the fairest damsels in the country. Two sisters generally rode on one horse to the school-door, and I was not so great a pedagogue as to refuse them my assistance to dismount from their steeds. A running-footman of the negro-tribe, who followed with their food in a basket, took care of the beast; and after being saluted by the young ladies with the curtsies of the morning, I proceeded to instruct them, with gentle exhortations to diligence of study.

Of the boys I cannot speak in very encomiastic terms; but they were, perhaps like all other school-boys, that is, more disposed to play truant, than enlighten their minds. The most important knowledge to an American, after that of himself, is the geography of his country. I, therefore, put into the hands of my boys a proper book.

Among my male students was a New Jersey gentleman of thirty, whose object was to be initiated in the language of Cicero

* It is worth the while to describe the academy I occupied on Mr. Ball's plantation. It had one room and a half. It stood on blocks about two feet and a half above the ground, where was free access to the hogs, the dogs, and the poultry. It had no ceiling; nor was the roof lathed or plastered; but covered with shingles. Hence, when it rained, like the nephew of old Elwes, I moved my bed (for I slept in my academy) to the most comfortable corner. It had one window, but no glass or shutter. In the night to remedy this, the mulatto wench who waited on me, contrived very ingeniously to place a square board against the window with one hand, and fix the rail of a broken down fence against it with the other. In the morning, when I returned from breakfasting in the "great house," (my scholars being collected), I gave the rail a forcible kick with my foot, and down tumbled the board with an awful roar. "Is not my window," said I to Virginia, "of a very curious construction?" "Indeed, indeed, Sir," replied my fair disciple, "I think it is a mighty noisy one."

and Virgil. Such was the affectation or simplicity of this man, that he expressed his fears the English students would interrupt his acquirement of Latin. Not knowing whether to storm or laugh, I advised him to retire with his books into Maddison's cave.

I never saw slavery wear so contented an aspect as on Pohoke plantation. The work of the slaves was light, and punishment never inflicted. A negro, who had run away, being brought back by a person who recognized him, he was asked by Mr. Ball the reason of his elopement. Because, said the fellow, I was born to travel. This man I presume was a predestinarian. On the Sabbath the negroes were at liberty to visit their neighbours.

Of my female students there was none equal in capacity to Virginia. The mind of this fair creature was susceptible of every culture; but it had been neglected, and I opened to her worlds of sentiment and knowledge.

Geography was one of our favourite studies. The greatest trifler can scarce inspect a map without learning something; but my lovely pupil always rose from it with a considerable accession of knowledge. Imparting such new ideas was no undelightful employment, and I often addressed my rose of May in an appropriate ode.

ODE TO VIRGINIA, LOOKING OVER A MAP.

POWERFUL as the magic wand,
Displaying far each distant land,
Is that angel-hand to me,
When it points each realm and sea.

Plac'd in geographic mood,
Smiling, shew the pictur'd flood,
Where along the Red Sea sea-coast,
Waves o'erwhelm'd the Egyptian host.

Again the imag'd scene survey,
The rolling Hellespontic Sea;
Whence the Persian from the shore,
Proudly pass'd his millions o'er.

See! that little isle afar
Of Salamis renown'd in war;
Swelling high the trump of fame
With glory and eternal shame.

And behold to nearer view,
Here thy own lov'd country too;
Virginia! which produc'd to me,
A pupil fair and bright like thee!

I frequently protracted the studies of the children till one, or

half past one o'clock; a practice that did not fail to call forth the exclamations both of the white and the black people. Upon my word, Mr. Ball would say, this gentleman is diligent; and aunt Patty the negro cook would remark, "He good cool-mossa that; he not like old Hodgkinson and old Harris, who let the boys out before twelve. He deserve good wages!"

My recreation after school in the evening was to sit and meditate before my door, in the open air, while the vapours of a friendly pipe administered to my philosophy. In silent gravity I listened to the negro calling to his steers returning from labour, or contemplated the family groupe on the grass-plat before the dwelling-house, of whom the father was tuning his violin, the mother and daughters at their needles, and the boys running and tumbling in harmless mirth upon the green. Before me was an immense forest of stately trees; the cat was sitting on the barn-door; the fire-fly was on the wing, and the whip-poor-will in lengthened cries was hailing the return of night.

I was now, perhaps, called to supper, and enjoyed the society of Mr. Ball and his family till the hour of their repose, when I returned to my log-hut, and resumed my pipe before the door.

A skilful chymist will endeavour to extract good from every substance, and I declined not the conversation of a man because his face differed in colour from my own. Old Dick, the negro, whom I had met on the road, never failed to visit my cell in the evening, and the purpose of his visit was to obtain a dram of whiskey. Dick said that it comforted him, and I never withheld my comfort from him.

As I considered old Dick a much greater philosopher than many of his white brethren who have written volumes on resignation under misfortunes, but could never bear the tooth-ache patiently; I always put him upon talking about himself, and one evening when he came to see me, I desired he would relate to me the story of his life.

STORY OF DICK THE NEGRO.

"I was born at a plantation on the Rappahannoc river. It was the pulling of corn time, when 'squire Musgrove was governor of Virginia. I have no mixed blood in my veins; I am no half and half breed; no chesnut sorrel of a mulatto; but my father and mother both came over from Guinea.

"When I was old enough to work, I was put to look after the horses. 'Squire Sutherland had a son who rode every fall to look at a plantation on James river, which was under the care of an overseer. Young master could not go without somebody on

another horse to carry his saddle-bags, and I was made his groom.

"This young chap, Sir, (here Dick winked his left eye), was a trimmer. The first thing he did on getting out of bed was to call for a julep*; and I honestly date my own love of whiskey from mixing and tasting my young master's juleps. But this was not all. He was always upon the scent after game, and mighty *ficious* when he got among the negur wenches. He used to say, that a likely negur wench was fit to be a queen; and I forget how many queens he had among the girls on the two plantations.

"The young 'squire did not live long. He was for a short life and a merry one. He was killed by a drunken negur man, who found him over *ficious* with his wife. The negur man was hanged alive upon a gibbet. It was the middle of summer; the sun was full upon him; the negur lolled out his tongue, his eyes seemed starting from their sockets, and for three long days his only cry was water! water! water!

"The old gentleman took on to grieve mightily at the death of his son; he wished that he had sent him to Britain for his education; but after-wit is of no use; and he followed his son to that place where master and man, planter and slave, must all at last lie down together.

"The plantation and negurs now fell to the lot of a second son, who had gone to Edinburgh to learn the trade of a doctor. He was not like 'squire Tommy, he seemed to be carved out of different wood. The first thing he did on his return from Britain, was to free all the old negur people on the plantation, and settle each on a patch of land. He tended the sick himself, gave them medicine, healed their wounds, and encouraged every man, woman, and child, to go to a meeting-house, that every Sunday was opened between our plantation and Fredericksburgh. Every thing took a change. The young wenches, who, in master Tommy's time, used to put on their drops, and their bracelets, and ogle their eyes, now looked down like modest young women, and carried their gewgaws in their pockets till they got clear out of the woods. He encouraged matrimony on the plantation, by settling each couple in a log-house, on a wholesome patch of land; hired a schoolmaster to teach the children, and to every one that could say his letters, gave a Testament with cuts. This made me bold to marry, and I looked out sharp for a wife. I had before quenched my thirst at any dirty puddle; but a stream

* A dram of spirituous liquor that has mint steeped in it, taken by Virginians of a morning.

that I was to drink at constant I thought should be pure,—and I made my court to a wholesome girl, who had never bored her ears, and went constantly to meeting.

“She was daughter to old Solomon the carter, and by moonlight I used to play my banger under her window, and sing a Guinea love-song that my mother had taught me. But I found that there was another besides myself whose mouth watered after the fruit. Cuffey, one of the crop hands, came one night upon the same errand. I am but a little man, and Cuffey was above my pitch; for he was six foot two inches high, with a chew of tobacco clapped above that. But I was not to be scared because he was a big man, and I was a little one; I carried a good heart, and a good heart is every thing in love.

“Cuffey, says I, what part of the play is you acting? Does you come after Sal? May be, says he, I does. Then, says I, here’s have at you boy; and I reckoned to fix him by getting the finger of one hand into his ear, and the knuckles of the other into his eye*. But the whore-son was too strong for me, and after knocking me down upon the grass, he began to stamp upon me, and ax me if I had yet got enough. But Dick was not to be scared; and getting his great toe into my mouth, I bit it off and swallowed it. Cuffey now let go his hold, and it was my turn to ax Cuffey if he had got enough. Cuffey told me he had, and I walked away to the quarter†.

“My master the next day heard of my battle with Cuffey. He said that I ought to live among painters and wolves, and sold me to a Georgia man for two hundred dollars. My new master was the devil. He made me travel with him hand-cuffed to Savannah; where he disposed of me to a tavern-keeper for three hundred dollars.

“I was the only man-servant in the tavern, and I did the work of half a dozen. I went to bed at midnight, and was up an hour before sun. I looked after the horses, waited at table, and worked like a new negur. But I got plenty of spirits, and that I believe helped me.

“The war now broke out, and in one single year I changed masters a dozen times. But I knowed I had to work, and one master to me was just as good as another. When the war ended, I was slave to ’squire Fielding, at Annapolis, in Maryland. I was grown quite steady, and I married a house-servant, who brought me a child every year. I have altogether had three wives, and am the father of twelve children; begot in lawful wedlock: but this you shall hear.

* This is what is called gouging. † The place of abode for the negroes.

"My wife dying of a flux, I was left to the management of my children; but my master soon saved me that trouble, for directly they were strong enough to handle a hoe, he sold the boys to Mr. Randolph of Fairfax, and the girls to 'squire Barclay of Port Tobacco. It was a hard trial to part with my little ones, for I loved them like a father; but there was no help for it, and it was the case of thousands besides myself.

"When a man has been used to a wife, he finds it mighty lonesome to be without one; so I married a young girl who lived house-servant to a tavern-keeper at Elk Ridge landing. It is a good twenty-five miles from Annapolis to the landing place; but a negur never tire when he go to see his sweetheart, and after work on Saturday night, I would start for Elk Ridge, and get to my wife before the supper was put away.

"I was not perfectly satisfied with my new wife; I had some suspicion that she gave her company, when I was away, to a young mulatto fellow. If her children had not been right black and ugly like myself, I should have suspected her virtue long before I had a real cause. It troubled me to be tricked by a young girl, but I stripped her of all her clothing. Fine feathers make fine birds; and I laughed to think how she would look the next Sunday.

"I now said to myself that it was right foolish for an old man to expect constancy from a young girl, and I wished that my first wife had not got her mouth full of yellow clay.

"My master at Annapolis being made a bankrupt, there was an execution lodged against his negurs. I was sent to Alexander*, and knocked down at vendue to old 'squire Kegworth. I was put to work at the hoe, I was up an hour before sun, and worked naked till after dark. I had no food but homony, and for fifteen months, did not put a morsel of any meat in my mouth, but the flesh of a possum or a racoon that I killed in the woods. This was rather hard for an old man, but I knowed there was no help for it.

"'Squire Kegworth was a wicked one; he beat master Tommy. He would talk of setting us free; you are not, he would say, slaves for life, but only for ninety-nine years. The 'squire was never married; but an old negur woman kept house, who governed both him and the plantation.

"Hard work would not have hurt me, but I never could get any liquor. This was desperate, and my only comfort was the stump of an old pipe that belonged to my first wife. This was a poor comfort without a little drap of whiskey now and dan; and

* Alexandria.

I was laying a plan to run away, and travel through the wilderness of Kentucky, when the old 'squire died.

"I was now once more put up at vendue, and as good luck would have it, I was bid for by 'squire Ball. Nobody would bid against him, because my head was grey, my back covered with stripes, and I was lame of the left leg by the malice of an overseer who stuck a pitch-fork into my ham. But 'squire Ball knew I was trusty; and though self-praise is no praise, he has not a negur on the plantation that wishes him better than I; or a young man that would work for him with a more willing heart."

Such is the history of the life and slavery of Dick the negro, as he delivered it to me word for word. It will, perhaps, exhibit a better picture of the condition of negroes in America, than any elaborate dissertation on the subject. But it aspires to more credit than the mere gratification of curiosity. It will enable the reader to form a comparison of his own state with that of another, and teach him the unmanly grief of repining at the common casualties of life, when so many thousands of his fellow-creatures toil out with cheerfulness a wretched life under the imprecations and scourgings of an imperious task-master.

Mr. Ball was son-in-law to counsellor Carter, of Baltimore, who had formerly resided in the woods of Virginia, and emancipated the whole of his negroes, except those whom he had given with the marriage-portion of his daughter. Of this he afterwards repented, and in a fit of religious enthusiasm, wrote a serious letter to Mr. Ball, exhorting him to free his negroes, or he would assuredly go to hell. Mr. Ball, whose property consisted in his slaves, and whose family was annually augmenting, entertained different notions; and with much brevity returned answer to the old gentleman's letter, "Sir, I will run the chance."

Had I known my own happiness I should have remained in this situation, but I again became restless. I took a respectful leave of Mr. Ball, and once more seized my staff, and walked to Baltimore. It was a killing circumstance to separate from Virginia; but who shall presume to contend against fate.

I still, and shall ever, behold Virginia in my fancy's eye. I behold her fair form among the trees. I contemplate her holding her handkerchief to her eyes. I still hear a tender adieu! faltering on her lips; and the sob that choked her utterance still knocks against my heart.

"Phyllida amo ante alias; nam me discedere flevit."

CHAP. XI.

*Voyage from Baltimore in Maryland, to Cowes in the
Isle of Wight.*

I EMBARKED August 3, 1802, in the good ship *Olive*, Captain Norman, lying at Baltimore, for Cowes in the Isle of Wight. It was by the merest fortune that I now returned to England; and that I did not travel four years and a half more in the United States of America. But Captain Norman politely accepted a draft for my passage across the Atlantic; or more properly speaking, took my word for the payment of twenty guineas.

Proceeding down the Chesapeake, we passed the Potomac, the Rappahannock, York, and James rivers, and shaped our course through the promontories of the bay.

Having taken our departure from Cape Henry, we kept in a direction to catch the Gulph stream. It is of great importance in a navigation across the Atlantic, to be acquainted with the Florida current; for by keeping in it when bound eastward, the voyage is shortened; and by avoiding it when returning to the westward is it equally facilitated. A thermometer would ascertain whether a vessel is in the gulph stream better than any other means that can be devised; for the water in the stream is always warmer than the air. By a comparison, therefore, with a thermometer between the temperature of the water and that of the air, it would be determined, beyond all doubt, whether a ship was in the Gulph.

I was now upon the wide ocean again; than whose unstable waters, there cannot be a more perfect emblem of the unsettled condition of human life. Trouble follows trouble, like wave rolling after wave.

My spirit was not, however, much troubled during the voyage. Indeed, for the first week, the beautiful vision of Virginia lived unimpaired in my thoughts. I, therefore, suspect that my gaiety was at first somewhat forced.

They on board the good ship *Olive* who were fond of fish, indulged the hope, that on the banks of Newfoundland they would only have to let down their hooks and lines into the sea, and pull up a multitude of fishes. They, however, toiled all night, and caught no fish. In fact, I believe they swore too much to catch any.

A favourable gale wafted us over the banks; a gale so fair that

we knew not on which side to carry our spanker-boom. Several of our ship's company were Englishmen, and these Englishmen had all of them mistresses at Cowes. This circumstance conspired with the breeze, to carry us over the bank with the rapidity of lightning. For the damsels at Cowes, impatient of the coming of the Olive, had taken hold of a tow-rope which we had thrown to them for the purpose; and they were now pulling our ship towards Cowes hand over hand.

Sept. 13, 1802. At an early hour of the morning we made the land. It was the Isles of Scilly. The seven southernmost of them were in sight. Every face brightened into joy but that of the steward—more persecutions!—in the night some malicious person or persons had thrown his boots overboard, and he preferred his complaint to the chief-mate. “They have thrown my boots overboard, Mr. Llewellyn,” cried the steward.—“So much the better,” replied the mate. “We shall now have a fair wind all the way up channel.”

The Scilly Islands are twenty-seven in number. They lie at about the distance of thirty miles from Cornwall, and are thought to have been once joined by an isthmus to the main land. Beheld at sea, they appear like old castles and churches, over which the waves are flying in perpetual succession. Of these islands the largest is St. Mary's. It is about nine miles in circumference.

Thus I am now within 262 miles of home, for I count the journey nothing from the Isle of Wight to Salisbury. I came upon deck in the night to see the motion of the vessel, and to commune with Virginia, and my own heart. The moon is gazing at her face in the water, our sails are reflected on the deep, and the repose of the night is disturbed only by the roar of the ocean, whose talking waves the sea-boy chides as he lolls over the bow. I recalled the past scenes of my life in America. But every other gave way to the calm of my log-house in the woods, the melody of the mocking-bird, and the beauty, innocence, and simplicity of Virginia. And now too I felt the advantage of having educated myself. For what can smooth the flight of time more, whether journeying over land or traversing the ocean, than meditation upon past studies, and the recollection of moral truths?

While my fancy was thus on the wing, a tumultuous noise was heard in the wake of the ship, and I jumped aft with Mr. Adams to discover the cause. In the afternoon the ship's doctor (*i. e.* the cook) had baited his shark-hook with some pork, and thrown it overboard. A shark had now swallowed the pork-bait, and in swallowing the pork-bait, he unwittingly swallowed at the same,

time an enormous iron hook, and about seven links of an iron chain.

The morning soon arrived, and the rosy blushes of Aurora, associated in my mind that glowing suffusion which I had so often witnessed in the countenance of Virginia. The British shore was rising like a new creation from the water; the country clocks were tolling, and the cocks crowing on the coast.

Sept. 14. We have had a decent run this day along the British coast, and it was no undelightful employment to look through the glass at the towns, villages, and green fields, which projecting into the water, seemed to court its translucent flood. Here and there the surf breaking partially on the shore, heightened the beauty of the scene.

Having passed the Start, we hauled up for the Race of Portland, one of the most remarkable promontories on the coast.

The passengers have been the whole of the day upon deck, expressing their impatience to imprint the shore with their feet. Illusion all! The shore will bring them no accession of happiness. If they could leave their cares and vexations behind them in the ship's hold, it would be something; but they will not have to go many miles on land to detect the fallaciousness of that hope which points to happiness by change of place.

A seventy-four gun ship has been working down channel, in company with a frigate. Long may England smile in the sweet exultation of conscious safety, while she has ships ready to cruise and heroes to command them!

At night not being very remote from the island, we shortened sail and hove to, being in want of light. Let this circumstance impress on the minds of my readers the necessity of attending to the words of the Lord of Life: "Work while ye have light; the night cometh when no man can work!" Soon will the night of darkness, the long night of death, overtake us all; when happy will be they who have not been unmindful of employing the light while it remained, in the work of their master.

We made sail with the rising sun, and no pilot coming off, undertook to seek our port without one. The flood-tide had made. We did not know it was necessary to keep upon the shingles, and the girls treacherously letting go the tow-rope, the good ship Olive lost her way through the water, and every body expected she would come with her broadside upon the needle-rock. Thus the good ship Olive was on the brink of losing her life by a needle!

And now, when we had escaped the disgrace of being discom-

fited by a bare needle, a pilot came off. He took us into Cowes road, where we had nothing more to fear from needles or pins.

We made the Olive fast by the nose; hoisted out her boats; squared our yards by the lifts and braces; ran up our sixteen stripes and sixteen patches to the mizen-peak; swept the decks down fore and aft; and then called all hands to splice the main-brace.

Had I been an ambassador or a consul, I could not have left the good ship Olive with more eclat. The two mates manned the side for me, and the ship's company lying out upon the yards, gave me three hearty cheers.

And thus I landed again in England after an absence of four years, eight months, and seven days; having travelled on foot because I could not afford a horse, through the States of New York, New Jersey, Delaware, and Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, South Carolina, and Georgia; under whose shifting skies I escaped the pestilence and famine; for which, and all thy other mercies, make me truly thankful, O Lord, my God!

THE END.

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